The National Sex News Magazine

NOVEMBER $1.95

02681

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HOOKERS HAVING A BALL IN WASHINGTON

- Cheri covers the prosti protest
- Honeysuckle talks about "her" president

A CENTERFOLD YOU WILL KNOT BELIEVE!

CASTING CALL FOR COED "MOUTH" ARTISTS

CHERI REPORTER SELLS HER BOD IN HOUSTON

NEW LASCIVIOUS LIMERICKS BY ISAAC ASIMOV

FIRST ENTRIES IN OUR $1000 AMATEUR THROAT CONTEST

THE CHERI ORCHARD:

☐ You can win Kim Pope
☐ Maureen fights back
☐ Roseanne breaks a slave
☐ Jody and the Democrats

AN HOUR AFTER YOU READ US, YOU'RE HUNGRY FOR MORE

CHERI kind of grows on you—like the case of crabs you picked up at the disco last Friday night. It's an adventure in modern sex: you get to know each one of our models and writers personally and learn, month by month, what they do in their daily lives. And when you got as many gorgeous and hot-to-trot girl editors as we do, you've got plenty to write about. Send us *yourself*. Send us letters. Pictures. Stories. Experiences. Join us as we suck and fuck our way to the top of the best-seller lists. Not tomorrow. Today.

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cheri

OUR GANG

Well, we're a hit, just like we knew we'd be and just like we said we'd be. You can say all you want about the big slick hotshots, with their million-dollar photo reproduction and big-budget fiction, but we've got so much more of what it's all about—*sex*—that we just don't give a shit about making our magazine palatable to squares.

Take our newest columnists, Scott and Suzie Murray, for instance. They're never going to replace Ryan and Ali or Liz and Dick as international beauty symbols, but, by God, they ball like little bunnies. Now what'd you rather do, voyeur along with some gorgeous unattainables or fuck and suck with the Murrays? We're betting you'll take the Murrays.

We can tell, for instance, from the shocking responses to our $1000 Blowjob Contest, that we have readers who want to be involved in the CHERI family, who want to participate in this project with us. They're real. And we're real. And that's what it's all about.

So welcome to new editor Suzanne, to Isaac Asimov, to Marlene Willoughby, to actress-journalist Gloria Leonard and pimp maven Dick Milner, to Ann Logan, and to the five drum-beating cocksuckers on page 12. And a special word of thanks to our Houston firebrand, Liz Dean, for putting her ass on the line for our readers . . . and to lovely Kim Pope for doing the same. We've got the best, sexiest, daringest, cummiest editors in the whole world here and they're going to prove it to you, month by month.

So, till next month—and our sensation-crammed Christmas issue—don't do anything we wouldn't do. . . .

Peter Wolff

WALLY WOOD

Flo "Big Apple" Steinberg

Marlene Willoughby, notorious nightingale

PETER HURD

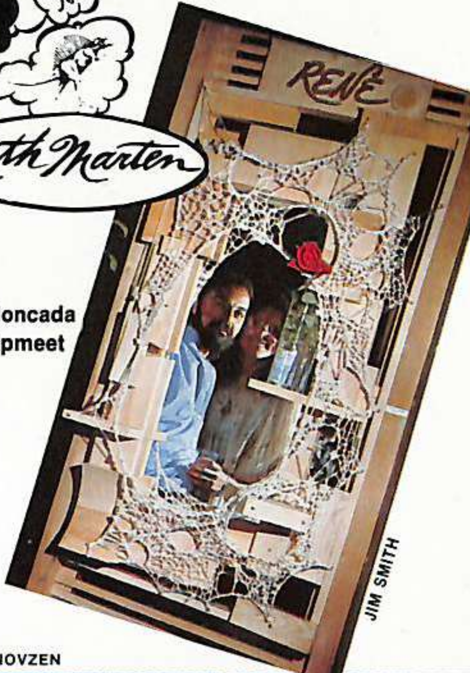
The magnificent Maureen

Ruth Marten

Ruthie Marten by Ruthie Marten

Honeysuckle de la creme

PETER HURD



Rene Moncada and helpmeet

JIM SMITH

Gloria Leonard spreads in D.C.

PETER HURD

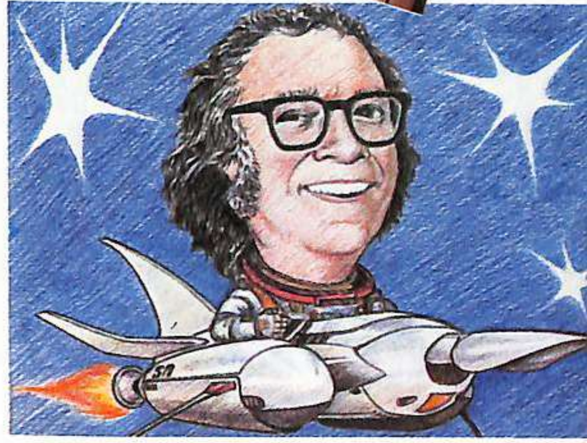
Dick Milner instructs hookers

PETER HURD

Mr. & Mrs. Scott Murray

PETER HURD

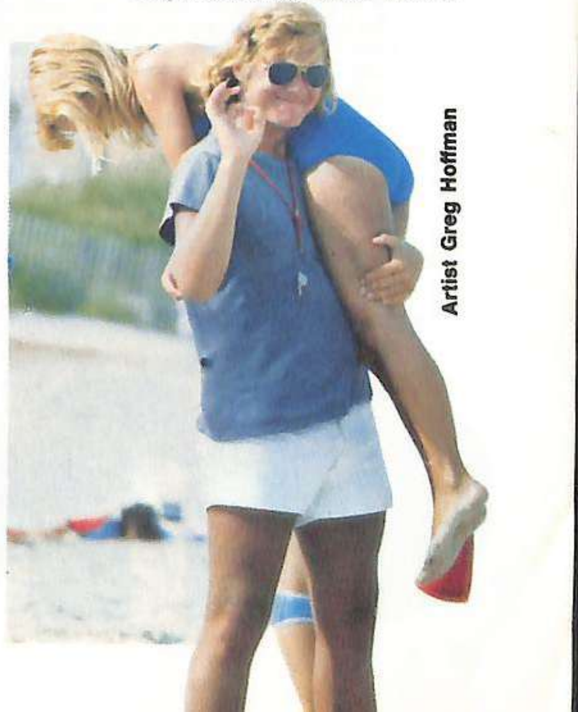
SCOTT NOVZEN



Sci-Fi Superman Isaac Asimov

Suzanne Feel (center) and pals

PAT FLINT



Artist Greg Hoffman

LOTION IN MOTION

We've had a lot of comments on the ultra-tame centerspread we ran last month. Well, there's an explanation. The centerfold was supposed to be these dynamite, stop-action shots of our own Honeysuckle doing her "lotion-in-motion" routine. But, at the last moment, good taste got the better of us. I won't happen again, we promise. Anyhow, this is what Ms. Divine looks like when, after filling up her tank with Jergens, she expels the cream back up into the stratosphere.

AMERI cheri

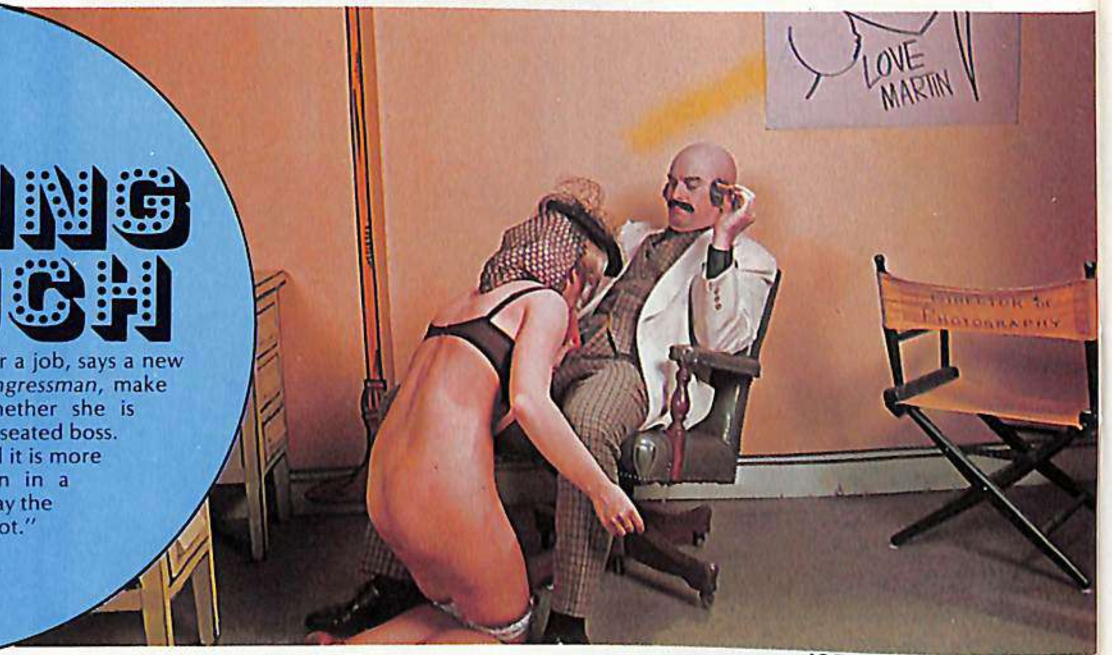
COLUMBINE CUTS UP

JOHN TRIBOLETTI

Columbine, a panting mime who stars with the Mad Mansion, an off-off-off-Broadway combined-arts company, has a penchant for the self-destructive and self-mutilative. So these photos are by way of a little forespice for next month's incredible interview and photo essay with this weapon-wielding vamp. "I would much rather masturbate with a knife than a dildo," says Columbine, whose private passions miraculously mirror her public performances. "I guess, because I've always had an inferiority complex, I think of myself as deserving to be stabbed and killed." Don't miss her shocking rap session in the December issue.

CASTING CROUCH

When interviewing a secretary for a job, says a new book called *How To Be A Congressman*, make sure to determine first whether she is capable of giving head to a seated boss. "Too many legislators feel it is more efficient to be blown in a standing position," say the authors, "It is not."



JOEL SUSSMAN

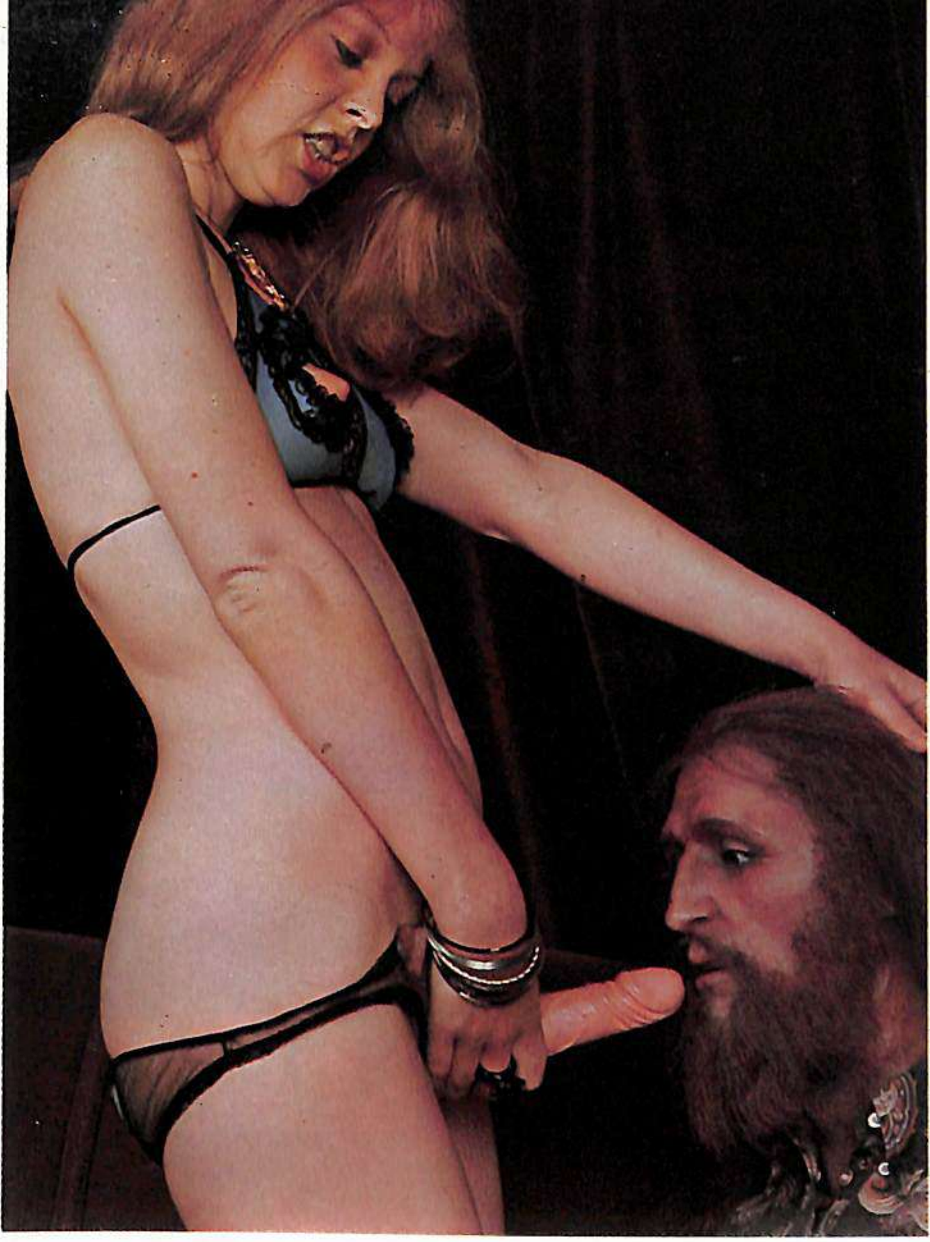
NOT ONE PUSSY IN THE TWIN CITIES?

Judith Cherry tells us she's having one helluva time finding fresh, young, naked bods back in her Minneapolis-St. Paul bailiwick. So, to get her rocks off, she has been reduced to taking dirty pictures of fruits. This is a situation that must be remedied immediately. If you are beautiful, horny, daring, dig bread, or are desperate for a little attention and live in the Twin Cities, Judith Cherry will take beautiful, horny, and daring pictures of you for CHERI. Just drop her a line here at CHERI and she'll make you a star.

FRUITS, THEY GOT!

JUDITH CHERRY

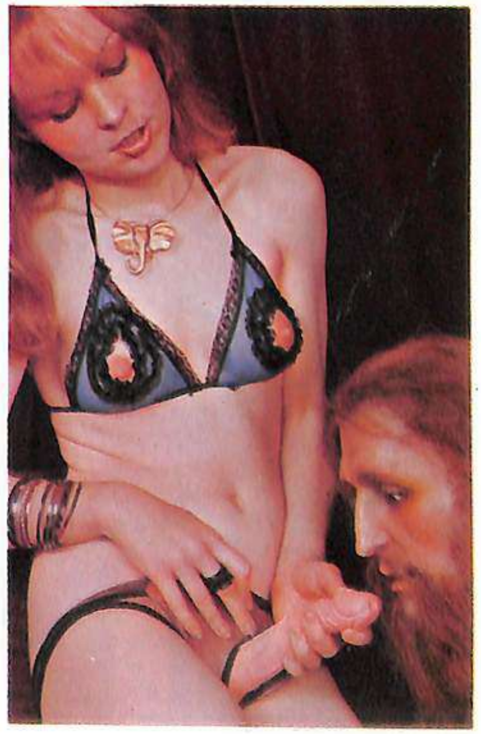
AMERI cheri



ROBERTO MORRISON

THE GIRL WHO HUMPED LIKE A MAN!

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a woman to play out a role which ill-becomes her, the results are frequently shocking and always appreciated by the sickies here at CHERI. Such is the case with Ramona Rasputin, a 22-year-old Ohio State coed who claims she is a direct descendant of the maddest monk of all. In order to clear her head of evil thoughts, Ramona recently created a wax image of her great-grandfather which she puts through nightly orgies of humiliation and abuse. She says this has turned her from a manic child-molester into a sensitive and sensible librarian with strong career goals.



JAW JOB?

Last year, the Big Fish in filmdom was the Great White Shark in *Jaws.* This year, it's the Great Pink Clam belonging to luscious Juliet Graham, scuba-diving heroine of *The Ganja Express.* Juliet, who's frequently been seen on CHERI's pages, demonstrates a new sex technique called deep-sea "Deep Jaw" in this super film.

INTO THE PLEASURE MACHINE WITH THE TROLLOP! I'M SURE THIS WILL TICKLE HER FANCY...
...SO TO SPEAK...
THAT DOES IT! SALLY, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
OH, GOODY! LET'S GO!
THIS TIME IT'S TOTAL WAR, GIRLS! OKAY... STRIP FOR ACTION!
RIGHT OFF!
© Wallace Wood, 1976

WALLY WOOD WOULD AND SO WOOD SALLY 4TH

In 1968, master comic artist Wally Wood was asked to create a sexy cartoon heroine for a serviceman's newspaper. The lady he invented was "Sally Forth"—a WAC you could really WAC off to. Now Sally's increasingly bawdy adventures have been put into a collected version that's buyable directly from Wood: Box 44, Derby, Conn. 06418. It's $3.50.

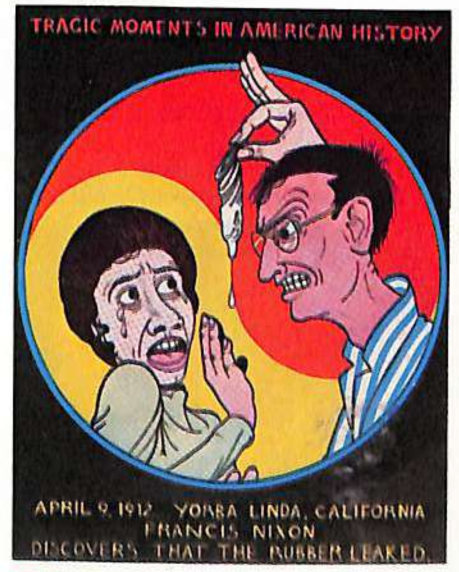
AMERI cheri

SHOTS OF ANDREA TRUE FROM THE MOVIE, "M*A*S*H*D"

TRUE CLIT? DISCO PORN HAS CUM TO STAY

Now that Andrea True's a mainstream, disco superstar, it's time to evaluate the role of "porn rock" in record sales. *Human Behavior,* a double-dome mag, says that "radio has become an electronic orgasmatron crammed with climactic groans, love grunts, and bleats of ecstasy." From the Stones' S/M LP, *Black and Blue,* to *Let's Do It Again, Do It Anyway You Wanna,* and *Squeeze Box,* some 15% of all AM programming is now explicitly sexual, says *Human Behavior.*

© 1976 JIM HIMES


TRAGIC MOMENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY
APRIL 9, 1912 · YORBA LINDA, CALIFORNIA
FRANCIS NIXON
DISCOVERS THAT THE RUBBER LEAKED

Grossout '76

One of the best of the Spirit of '76 put-downs is Yentzer and Gonif's no-bullshit *Bicentennial Grossouts,* a 76¢ book that features some unpleasant truths about the American past and has this wonderful cartoon statement as its back cover.

TNUC TNUC

Modernists are always telling us to do some ridiculously asshole thing like talking to plants or shooting up ape glands to stay young. The latest advice is to "get to know your genitals." Make eye contact with your cunt, one shrink advises frigid women. Talk to your balls, says another therapist for men. Our advice: do what you've been doing.

CHERI'S $1000 AMATEUR COCKSUCKING CONTEST SEMIFINALISTS

They all laughed when, in our inaugural issue, we announced our $1000 Blowjob Contest.

Nobody, critics chortled, is going to enter that one! Nobody is going to want to be honored for such an embarrassing and servile talent.

But they did enter. In droves.

And they weren't pros, uglies, or crazies. They were attractive, normal, people-next-door people.

And here they are. The first batch of quarterfinalists.

* * *

As you CHERI devotees already know, we are offering a $1000 prize to the best amateur cocksucker in America. In our first two issues, we asked our male readers to nominate the mouth of their lifetime, that woman who had given them the greatest pleasure through oral sex.

Concurrently with this contest, we also announced a National Dreamsuck Essay Contest in which any male reader was invited to conjure up the Ultimate Suck. The lucky guy who wins this contest gets not only a little cigarette money—but a chance to meet the winner of our $1000 Blowjob Contest in the flesh.

Here then, culled from our first batch of entries, are the best of the semifinal entries.

* * *

When the man who thought up this contest—CHERI editor Peter Wolff—was at *Gallery* magazine, he created a sensation in the magazine world by running an amateur photo contest. At first, nobody believed the entries were real. Now they're just about all *Gallery* has going for them.

Believe these letters. Believe these pictures. They're real. They're a happening. And don't be afraid to send us your own letters and pictures. There's a pot of gold at the end of this particular rain*blow.*

ENTRANT #1: JULIE

In a note accompanying her husband's letter and five glorious photos of herself sucking cock, 31-year-old Julie of Norfolk, Virginia, wrote: "Should I be a winner in your cocktest, I'd gladly come to New York to collect my prize. . . . Sex is for fun as well as an expression of love between my husband and myself. Unfortunately, others may not be so open. . . . Suckcerely, Julie."

Julie blows the best. It is her favorite gift to a man with a hard cock. She is able to take a soft cock and make it hard by fondling and lip service. Her tongue will lick and, using her hands like a craftsman, she builds a big cock fast. When her lips pass over the head of the cock, a wet warmth fills the whole tool, bringing ebbs of pleasure throughout the body.

Since some bastard choked her by keeping her head onto his cock, she has learned that a deep throat is not the ultimate pleasure to give—nor is it the ultimate pleasure for a man to receive. She keeps the cock fully wet as she hand strokes and her mouth sucks.

"When your cock is limp and drained dry, she will say, 'Thank you.' . . ."

[redacted]

There's no rushing a good blow job. Julie keeps the cum away when she holds your plateau at a peak. You won't notice the finger up your ass, pressing against the prostate gland. You'll only feel the pleasure. Pleasure and sensations space out the man until he trembles from need to let the load out. With her lips on the rim she will let it blow: POW! The wet-hot cum pumps into her mouth faster than she can swallow. Cum runs down her face, down the cock—but it gets licked up. She loves the taste of good cum. When the cock is limp and drained dry, she will be pleased and say, "Thank you" for she came, too.

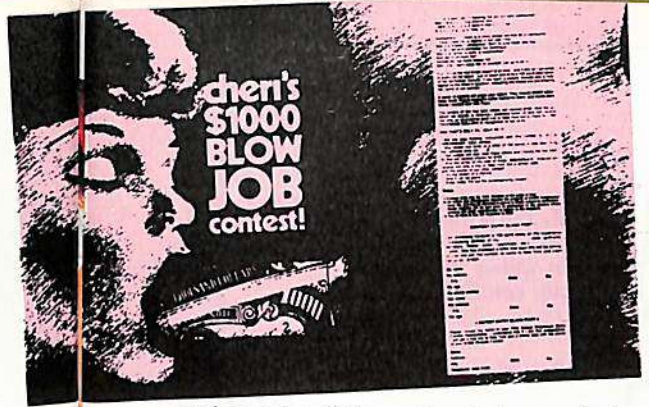
Chad Benson
Norfolk, Va.

ENTRANT #2: DANNI

Danni's husband Mike submitted an attractive full-length frontal nude with his letter and a note: "I have traveled around the world. Nowhere have I had a blow job to compare with hers. She has proven to me that hers is the world's best. . . . I hope you think so, too."

[redacted]

AMERI
cheri



Danni starts by licking my asshole and sucking my balls. Her tongue and lips glide along the shaft of my cock in a lubricating massage. She slides its tip between her lips and lowers her head to fill her warm mouth with my entire cock. Her soft tongue constantly licks my foreskin. She pulls her head back in a slow jerking-sucking motion. Her hands stroke lightly between my balls and asshole. Danni's head bobs up and down faster with more suction. Then back to the slow jerking-sucking action.

"She starts by licking my asshole. . . ."

When I start to cum, she swallows my cock and very slowly bobs her head with more suction on each stroke. Danni drains all the cum from my cock and balls, then kisses the tip of my cock.

Mike DiNicolia
San Francisco, Calif.

ENTRANT #3: SHARON

In a bizarre twist to our contest, we actually got a letter from one woman who nominated herself. We'd never thought of that wrinkle before—so readers are herewith put on notice that women may, indeed, submit themselves. Sharon, a 23-year-old Colorado beauty, including "a partial picture to show you she is not only good at what she does, but beautiful also!" And take it from us, she's a stunner!

She has such extreme giving ability and desire to give me pleasure. Using her tongue on every inch of my body, not ever expecting anything in return, saying, 'Your ecstasy is my orgasm.' She touches my balls, ass and shaft with her hands and tongue with such tender vibes, it sends chills up my spine. Her always moist and warm mouth encounters my cock, with her tongue gently tickling the head and slowly her full lips encompass my large hard cock with such compassion and hunger, you would think she was about to eat her most favorite dish. A good, hard ten inches she swallows into her never-ending throat. Begging for my come, she never lets her hands free as if I had several women working me at the same time. Always squeezing my balls, clasping around my shaft with her full lips, and her mouth sucking harder and harder as if it were a vacuum cleaner wanting to drain me dry. She's loving every minute of it. She's sucking harder and harder and I'm not wanting to end it all. I hold it back until I can no longer, feeling as if I am having many orgasms in one, while she's still sucking down deeply and so gently, every last drop, still with her hands on my balls, begging for more.

"Using her tongue on every inch of my body, not ever expecting anything in return. . . ."

Sharon
Aspen, Colo.

ENTRANT #4: SALLY

Twenty-two-year-old Sally wrote, "It's about time a cock-sucking contest was held. . . . It was I who called your contest to my husband's attention. . . . The best part of your contest will be the dinner date with the other winner. Let him know my appetizer, entree, and dessert will be his cock because that's all I'll want to eat. . . . Sucking sincerely, Sally."

My nomination for the world's best cocksucker is my wife, Sally. I married her and keep her around because of this talent.

"Her reputation as the best cocksucker around is supported by ex-boyfriends who still call her for a blowjob. And she never refuses."

[redacted]

One look at her and you know why she was put on this earth—to suck cock! She knows this and conducts herself accordingly.

When sucking cock, she uses her throat, lips, and tongue to the maximum. After taking a cock into her throat all the way to the balls, she keeps it down her throat until she can't hold her breath any longer. All that time, her tongue and throat never stop working to bring the guy off. When you come in her throat, Sally won't take the cock out until she swallows every drop. Her best part is a narrow restriction in her throat which tightens around your cock. Every time your cock goes through this restriction, you want to come, but don't, because you want more.

Her reputation for being the best cocksucker around is supported by her old boyfriends who still call her for a blowjob and she never refuses. She openly tries to get new acquaintances' cocks into her mouth and throat. The most recent are two new guys in the next apartment. They lived there three days when she blew both of them in front of each other. Now they won't stay away from her.

Leo Browne
Grand Rapids, Mich.

ENTRANT #5: SCOTT

Scott Lude is 31 and, in all seriousness, the girl next door. Fact is, she lives in an apartment adjacent to that of Cincinnati's own Patrick Yarhandle. He sent us the following missive.

My friend, Scott, is hot to trot. First, she looks at pictures of cocks, then she takes mine into her soft hands. Never does she treat my meat like a balloon, because she doesn't blow, she sucks. She goes wild when I tell her, "Get down on your knees and suck!" First, she licks all around and up and down, and then buries my shaft in her hot mouth. She will tell you, "I like it when the cock quivers and the man is about to come. His balls well up tight and you know he's holding back. Then my reward flows out. It makes me so sticky inside and I feel ahhhhh. . . ."

"She feels most like a woman when my cock fills her throat and I hold her neck so she can't move. . . ."

She feels most like a woman when my cock is filling her throat and I hold her neck so she can't move. Her finish? She cleans me like a beaver so no one can tell I was given a "dreamsuck."

Pat Yarhandle
Cincinnati, Ohio

ENTRANT #6: J.W.

We held a special meeting of the $1000 Blowjob Rules Committee before we decided to print this letter. The general consensus was, Whythehellnot?

I want to enter your contest and I'm a homosexual—in fact, I just love to give blow jobs. If there was a cocksucking

(Continued on page 73)

NO NAMES PLEASE

RATED Ⓧ

Disgusting Hollywood Gossip By Telly Tall

(Telly Tall is the pseudonym for one of America's most-widely published gossip columnists.)

THE DOGGIE-LOVING SUPERSTARLET

Our screen queen has just about everything, being young, adorable, and fond of flaunting her heavy tits and great ass. But what really puts the sparkle in those baby-blues is a little fetish she has for putting on the dog. A Great Dane, actually, which she puts on her cunt. The pup that sucks is the pup that lucks out, and gets her off by eating her out at least twice a day (and night). But the arrangement came to a ridiculous climax a few weeks ago when the dog fell in love with one of her lovers. The guy was in the process of shoving it into her when the huge dog wandered into the bedroom. The dog is used to licking his lady's clit—but once he slapped that sticky tongue over the guy's cock, he was in love. Within minutes the cock was covered with warm, sloppy saliva, and that's when the true scene started up.

The dog obviously loved cock over cunt. Canine caresses from a swift, salty tongue poured over his prick until he—the guy, you gotta keep these animals straight—leapt away from our star's hot bod and wrestled Big Babe to the bottom of the bed. Everybody's Favorite Fantasy found herself naked and abandoned, with her dog and her lover fucking wildly at the end of the blankets. Neither was even noticing her tight, rounded ass or her big, groovy tits, as her date dug into him in an animal frenzy. She writhed in the pain of frustrated excitement as she finger-fucked herself and watched the show. They went far beyond puppy love as the dog let out a ferocious yelp and its bestial beau pumped the last of his huge come into its hole. As soon as they uncoupled, the beast once again slapped his hot mouth over the cock to make himself man's best friend. A man and his dog—one of the oldest American traditions. But our miffed movie queen? She was forced to watch the scene play out to its unhappiest ending. Her guy not only walked out—he also took her hot dog with him. Now she's all alone with only her fond memories of animal husbandry and a half-empty box of Milk-Bones to remind her of their throbbing three-way.

MR. NORMAL AND HIS TRUCKDRIVER-TORTURE TRIP

Then there's the solid citizen who stars in one of those prime-time family-hour TV series. In private life his reputation is a little looser. He gets off being tied up and brutally beaten—while his cock drips come into a male or female mouth. His S-M trip really isn't too complicated—almost any kind of violence will do. In the frenzy of slapping or being slapped, he reaches his own combat climax . . .

He's especially fond of scenes. He'll cast himself as a hitchhiker who's 'picked up' by a macho truckdriver and a buxom blonde with huge tits. They 'insist' on binding him with rope in the back of their 18-wheeler. Then they force him into 'unnatural acts,' demanding that he eat their toes, cock and cunt—pretty mundane by his usual standards. What really does it is the slugging they hand out while he's swallowing more than he can chew. Our TV hero literally comes just *talking* about this arrangement. How do I know? The day I interviewed him, his light gray pants were covered with sperm by the time he got to the part about the 'truckdriver' punching him around. His breath weas getting shorter. He moaned suddenly and dropped to his knees in front of me. "I wish," he gasped desperately, "that you'd at least kick me while I'm down!"

THE TV MAID'S SEPIA SHTICK

And let's not leave out the super-publicized TV star—a real network rainbow. Her image is such pure Americana she makes Doris Day look like a slut. Her national magazine publicity—and it's never-ending—is aimed straight at Middle America. Yet off camera she herself is aimed at only one thing—cunt. Not just any kind—the great white hope is bananas over black, and black only. She pushes aside one stud after another in favor of sliding her perfect WASP lips over the wet pussy of black beauties. Which she does day and night—even between takes for the show!

Her secretary is a simmering sepia stunner whom she eats twice a day. She explains that she sucks the girl and squeezes her tight tits as often as possible to keep herself satisfied, so she doesn't run around lifting up girls' dresses all day long. "If I didn't get off with my girl friday," she confesses, "I'd be an absolute maniac on the streets. I'd grab tits and ass every time I took a look at a hot set. I have to suck or be sucked at least three times a day—or I can't be responsible for what I'll do in public!"

She tells pals that the real turn-on is the contrasting hues of a black girl's skin on her own lily-white epidermis. White girls are only moderately exciting to her—but when it comes to a black body up against her own, her cunt is drenched with come. Black isn't just beautiful—it's what makes our baby burn.

Prosty Power on the Potomac

The nation's hookers convene in Washington, D.C. to challenge some outmoded concepts in the merchandizing of sex. On-the-spot CHERI reportage by Honeysuckle Divine, Richard Milner, Gloria Leonard, and Peter Hurd.

BY RICHARD MILNER
AND DIANA HAWKINS

The latest adventure in the ongoing saga of Margo St. James, COYOTE queen, against the forces of self-righteous repression, brought her from sympathetic San Francisco to wary Washington, D.C. COYOTE (Call Off Your Old, Tired Ethics) and its swelling sister organizations worldwide decided to bring their super-successful Hookers' Ball—the highlight of the past two Frisco social seasons—closer to the seat of power, what with it being the Bicentennial year, what with legislation for and against women going through major upheavals and what with, mostly, Margo's being a media genius of passionate proportions.

Margo is a natural celebrity. Ten years ago she scandalized flight passengers in a New York airport by exchanging serious soul kisses with radical humorist Paul Krassner—while dressed in a full nun's habit. Uncoupling, she squeezed his ass and murmured, "Goodbye, Father Berrigan, have a nice flight." Krasser revealed in his satirical paper, *The Realist*, that no one would sit next to him on the plane.

But that was in her old, west coast party days, before Haight-Ashbury, Altamont, the folding of the Fillmore and other assaults upon the spirit. People still walked around carrying flowers, dippy but delightful, and being gentle meant being real, not powerless, as it does in 1976. Anyway, there she was, happily hip before it became a commercial category—and there he was, a cute (cops are getting cuter all the time, a disquieting factor in too many confrontations) vice cop, coming on. "I wasn't hooking," she remembers, still outraged. "I was naive and indiscreet, living free and easy . . . the cops couldn't believe any woman could live 'honestly' without a job. There were men coming and going at my place at all hours, so they sent this guy in to solicit me . . ."

Since she wasn't hooking, and hadn't been informed that having a lot of guys hanging out could lead to anything more

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The Washington confab cut across age and job lines.

Buffy, formerly a Mustang Ranch hooker, ponders a point.

MY ASS IS MINE
COYOTE

Under the COYOTE slogan, "My Ass Is Mine," St. Margo exhorts her troops.

RAPPIN' WITH ORANGE BLOSSOM: "I NEVER WANTED TO LOWER MYSELF TO MERE EQUALITY"

By Richard Milner

It is very hard being a captain of industry, what with union uprisings, tax-shelter revisions in Congress and the difficulty of buying the proper legislation after Watergate, but one of the ongoing compensations of life at the top is the warm, understanding companionship of a fringe benefit. Orange Blossom, whom I encountered at the COYOTE Convention, was just such a fringe benefit. Orange makes a great deal of money knowing how to take the pressure off. She has that special finesse that a fat cat appreciates, usually to the tune of three or four C-notes—nothing tacky. No misunderstandings.

Orange has also refined her understanding of the relationship between money and power and sex in this country, and she flows with it without rancor or affectation. She also feels that women are vastly superior to men, an entirely natural assumption, given her milieu and experience. She would, she insists, never settle for "mere equality." This is why:

Milner: Let's talk about the COYOTE Convention, where Margo St. James is attempting to bring the hustling ladies into the purview of the feminist movement.

Blossom: A super idea—if it can be done. But I'm not sure that the working girls can accept the feminists, and I'm even more doubtful that the feminists can reach a level where they accept the working girl. Then you have the men who've been dividing us for ages, making the distinction betwen the Madonna and the Whore—with no room for a woman who's both. You also have the higher class of working girl, who considers herself above it all—I mean above both the working woman and the feminist movement.

Our industry has one of the last, true caste systems. For example, there's a girl with a good, legitimate job who makes contact with a *very* exclusive clientele—whether she acts as an independent call girl, or works through a specific industry, such as politics or big business. She's in a protected position. Not exposed to the street scene at all, and making a lot of money. And she's got the brains to do something with the money, because she knows she's not gonna have that body to work with forever.

Milner: And you consider yourself in this category.

Blossom: If I may say so, yes.

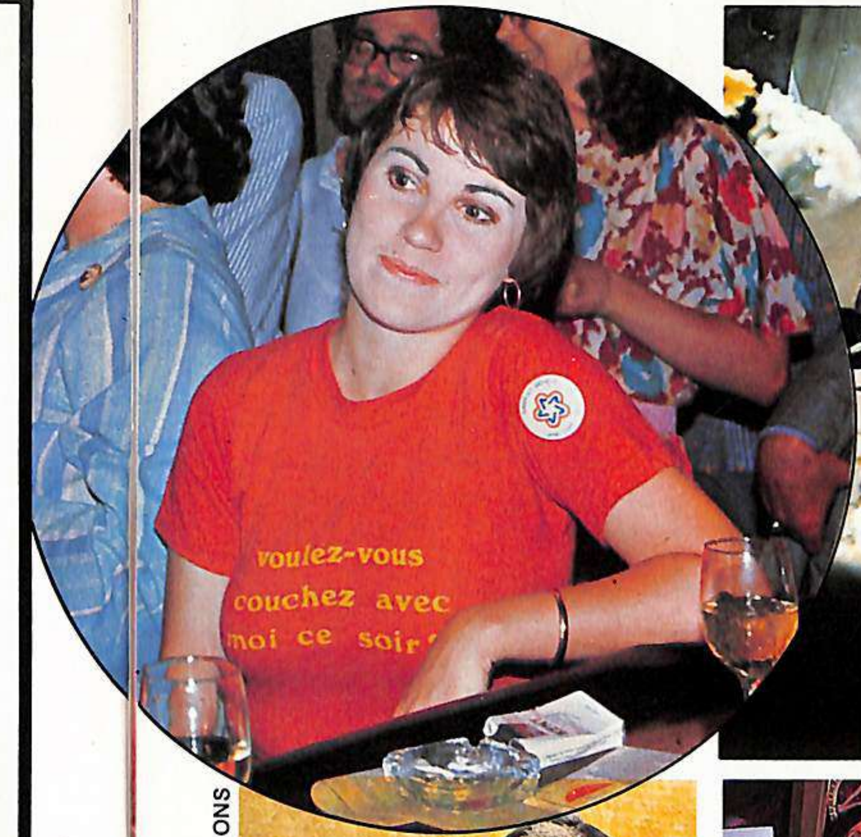
Milner: And how does a girl in your position see the woman on the street?

Blossom: Prior to this COYOTE Convention, I could describe a girl in my category by my previous attitude—very snobbish. Obviously, *I* would never have been on the street. And the idea that a girl *has* to be, her poor family pushed her out . . . that's something from the Thirties. Nobody believes that. I have a good education and a good job, I've been through the fem libbing scene. . . .

Milner: So you're from the privileged middle class?

Blossom: Right. *(Continued on page 68)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOKINETICS, LTD. AND PETER HURD PRODUCTIONS



(Continued from page 15)

than frequent trips to the drugstore, she fell right in with his plans. In return, he busted her. "Then I got a green lawyer, fresh out of law school, and on his bum advice I waived my right to a jury trial. And you know why the judge convicted me? I told him I'd never turned a 'trick' in my life—and he said that any woman who knew the word 'trick' had to be a whore."

Suddenly she was redefined in the community, or, as she says, "branded." She had a lot of trouble even getting waitressing jobs. So that even after she was cleared on appeal, "I was so disgusted with the straight world that I took up hooking."

From which we fade up to now, where Margo, en route to household-word-ism for her organized defense of the rights of women who service men's cocks for a living, is reaping the written, photographed and videotaped rewards of public life. Only three years ago she founded COYOTE, On Mother's Day. Now there's PUMA (Prostitutes' Union of Mass.), PONY (Prostitutes of New York), CAT (California Advocates for Trollops), Spread Eagles (a Washington group) and DOLPHIN from Honolulu (Dump Obsolete Laws—Prove Hypocrisy Isn't Necessary). And as the idea spread, sister organizations formed in Spain, England, France and the Netherlands. Holy Lysistrata!

All that is very well, but San Fran, bastion of tolerance, is not our nation's capitol—which is just as well, as we might wind up with dangerously unstructured types, sensitive, even, running the show. Washington is full of powermad Strangelove fogies with terminally kinked sucklets like Elizabeth Ray to keep them twitching and thus affecting signs of life. But the natural exuberance of Baghdad-on-the-Bay is sadly lacking.

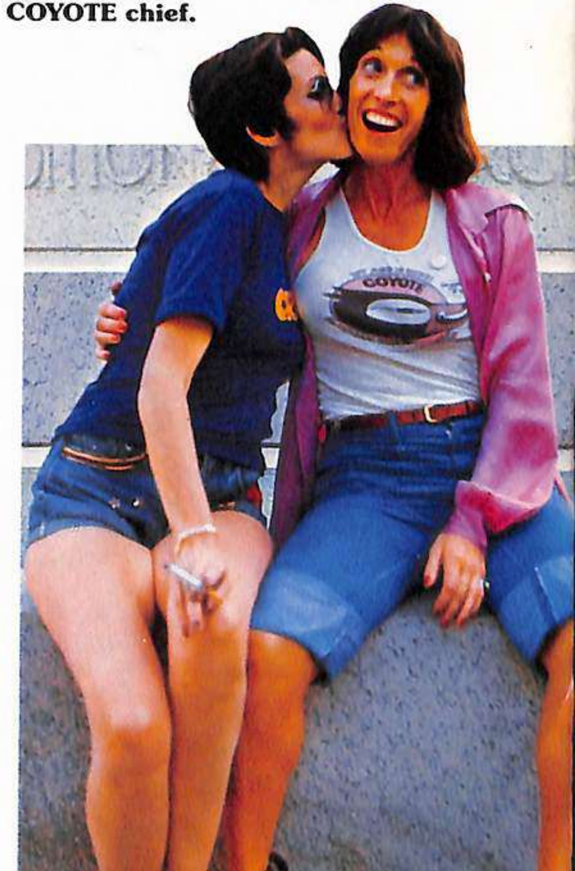
However, the natives do leap to action when sufficiently riled. News of the onslaught of 'degenerates'—specifically, the First International Meeting of Prostitutes and the Feminist Party—prompted the

(Continued on page 19)

The Divine Honeysuckle tells press she can, too, type.

Backed by the church, Margo St. James foments a revolution.

CHERI correspondent, actress Gloria Leonard, shows her solidarity with COYOTE chief.



HONEYSUCKLE'S HEAVE-HO: THE STRAIGHT SKINNY

By Honeysuckle Divine

There weren't many hookers (outside of me, and I haven't been one for years) at the Hookers' Convention (June 23-27) in Washington but there *were* plenty of national and international press representatives. It was a jaded journalist's field day: on the day before the convention convened, COYOTE leader Margo St. James received *360* calls from the press.

Even the Voice of America was interested.

Richard Milner, a contributing editor to *Cheri* and author of *Black Players*, had given my number to Margo and, of course, I was thrilled when she called me and invited me to the convention. I joined up with COYOTE right away and enthusiastically threw myself into their crusade.

COYOTE is a civil rights organization which is trying to get prostitution decriminalized—they're demanding total freedom to hook as they please.

Susan B. Anthony got us the right to vote. Now Margo St. James is going to get us the right to hook.

Richard Milner is a mutual friend of Margo and Peter Wolff, editor of this magazine. His book is a really fascinating look into the life of pimps and prostitutes. Run out and buy it.

Margo's eyes resemble those of Joan Baez. She is a very spiritual person, completely unselfish, living in poverty, and dedicating all her time and energy to the cause. I was very impressed by the depth of her understanding and her down-to-earth attitude.

Unfortunately, I overslept and missed her first press conference at the Capitol on Tuesday the 23rd. But a few hours later, I walked over there (it's only four blocks from my apartment), announced that I was with the Hookers' Convention, and asked the guard if any of the hookers were still around. He acted very embarrassed and whispered that they had left.

I wandered around the Capitol building anyway and asked some other guards where I could find the rest of the hookers. I said that I was suposed to be at the press conference but that I had overslept (as I had had a rough night). They started laughing and seemed to be enjoyed the conversation.

We were standing not far from the door to the Ways And Means committee room, so I asked if I could go in and see "Willy" Mills. They

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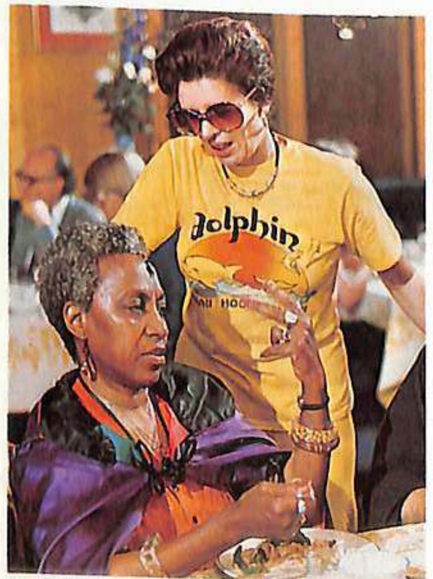
This lovely confab participant is a member of the Boston chapter of COYOTE.

Wayne Hays types met Liz Ray types during the Congressional reception.

A member of COYOTE's Dolphin branch discusses policy with Flo Kennedy.



GLORIA VS. THE JOHNS: EVERY WOMAN NEEDS ONE

By GLORIA LEONARD

The COYOTE convention was not a risque romp amid a bevy of beautiful broads which is what I most definitely arrived there expecting. After all, I *love* fun, and hookers are fun-type functionaries. I suppose I expected the level of fun-loving energy which hase earned the Shriners or Legionnaires their heavy rep. No dice. This was serious shit. Militants, politicos, radicals, here-and-there an honest-to-badness pavement pounder.

They had come to commiserate—and to communicate their pain and protest to the nation at large. Ti-Grace Atkinson, looking tired and sullen, gave the gathering its most militant goose. With more and more women prostituting themselves through the institution of marriage, Ti-Grace asserted, is there really a difference between taking out payment in crisp twenties—or a twenty-year mortgage? She encouraged armed resistance, meaning "get your shit together, ladies" before you get raped.

And then, finally, the "Ball." Hookers, hipsters, ideologues joined with thrill-seekers, super-johns, and straight-arrows trying to get lucky in the pro ranks. Liquor flowed but the zaniness of previous San Francisco-based balls was missing. The ambiance was familial. Nobody was working the floor.

I hooked up immediately with Rebecca of Boston, a beautiful young thing who feels that the high-class ladies of pleasure, armored by their doormen and dishwashers and high-rise wall-to-wall opulence, need to be prodded into action by their street-walking compatriots who aren't as well insulated from the hypocritical harrassments of the three P's—poe-leece, pimps, and pree-verts. Me and Becky hung out in the mens room, together. It was the only quiet place. Besides, it gave us a feeling of power. Vicarious, of course.

A devastating redhead, also Bostonian, introduced me to the working girl's latest tool: the CB radio. Blossom, a mother of five, finds it risky but effective. And when you hear her hit the waves with her "Comin'atcha", you fucking well better believe her.

The visiting vice cops brought two hardened pros from Washington's red-light district (the Circle or the Stroll, is what they call it.) They were cute chicks but real vets in the flesh game, having been turned out at the incredibly young age of 13. Still, they lent a note of authenticity to the proceedings and they told it like it is.

Which is what we should all be doing at this point.

Scintillating Lottie Dah, pictured below, is a leading COYOTE activist.

Ideologue-in-chief of the hooker revolt is veteran changesmith Kennedy.

Sheraton Palace Hotel, at which the event was scheduled, to cancel the reservations. Fortunately, another hotel, The Wellington, hearing of Margo's plight on the tube, said they'd be happy to take her carnal crew. And so a bunch of us descended on D.C. for a woolly weekend of happenings.

Margo's beauty, flamboyance, platform and splendid media manipulation keep her surrounded by communicants and communicators—there are not too many figures in the land who could fill a room with call girls, feminists, writers, street hookers, filmmakers, priests, vice cops, lesbians, shrinks, politicos and philosophers. The best part that, as everyone was talking at once, the lines became blurred very fast. "You know," said one writer, reshuffling his stereotypes, "you can't tell the hookers from the real women!"

Farewell to Irma La Douce. When we circulated around, searching for nubile nymphets "in the life," we ran across a number of "sportin' ladies" who refused to model on the grounds that they were on vacation. Then we found a bombshell in a red halter top. She laughed. She would love to pose as a crusading hooker, except for the fact that she was part of a television crew, assigned to the event exactly as we were.

We had the foresight to bring our own group of photogenics, including actress-writer-model Gloria Leonard, who made a big hit speaking on behalf of porn actresses and actors.

The days preceding the Ball were full of relevant foreplay, including the first Hookers' Film Festival. On Saturday, there was a "Luncheon With The Lewd and Loyal." Margo introduced speakers George W. Hilton, an economist at UCLA, Catholic priest Father DePaul Genska and feminist leaders Ti-Grace Atkinson and Florynce Kennedy.

The Father led off with an attempt to build a liaison between prostitutes and the Church. "These many centuries we have asked you to come to us for forgiveness and absolution," he said, "and now I come to you asking absolution for the Church. We have reviled you, we have cast you out of the human family, we have caused you much pain and suffering, and I ask your forgiveness."

At the conclusion of his talk the Father gave a benediction, ending with the traditional "Amen". Margo and her cohorts were quick to chime in "A-women".

Later, Florynce Kennedy, the Black woman attorney who has led so many fights for the rights of women and other oppressed minorities, delivered her own benediction, "A Feminist Prayer".

"Our Mother, which art in heaven/ Sister shall be thy name/ Our washin' done, our kitchen's clean/ On earth and it isn't Heaven/ Give us this day equality/ And forgive us our disparagements/ As we forgive those who disparage against us/ And lead us not into Home Economics/ But

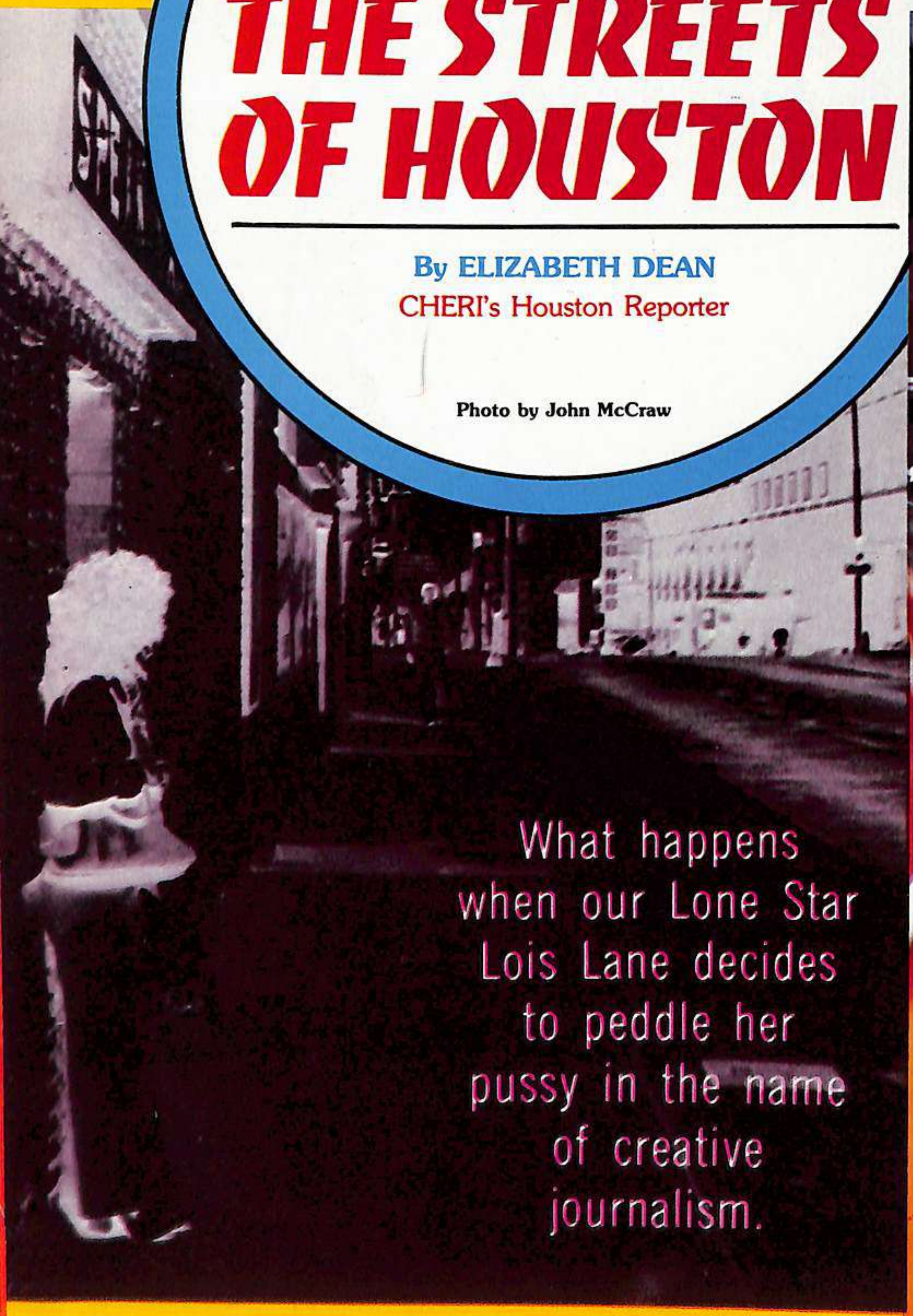
(Continued on page 70)

HOOKING THE STREETS OF HOUSTON

By ELIZABETH DEAN

CHERI's Houston Reporter

Photo by John McCraw



What happens when our Lone Star Lois Lane decides to peddle her pussy in the name of creative journalism.

My friend, the editor, called a few weeks ago with what he considered a fantastic idea for a story. Now, the last time my friend called up with a great idea for a story, I was nearly sued for slander. It seems that the owner of Houston's largest chain of adult theaters didn't like my appraisal of his business establishments. So it was with apprehension that I allowed my friend to continue. He said that a lot of the men's magazines were coming out with "inside" articles on prostitution, massage parlors and other sexually-oriented occupations. He wanted me to do something along the same lines but from a different angle. None of the articles he had read were written from the prostitute's viewpoint. Would I consider doing a prostitution article, based on true experiences, with myself as the star witness? Believe it or not, the idea intrigued me. I don't think there are many women around who haven't fantasized at least a little about being alone in a strange room with a strange man, selling their charms for money, instead of a new stove. My friend was kind enough to provide me with the name of a lawyer friend of his who could get me started in the business of peddling my sexual "wares".

Charlie, my editor's friend, was as boisterous as his name sounded, a big fellow who laughed a lot, although quite serious about both his businesses, his law practice and his entertainment service. He asked me if I had ever known anyone in the profession. I told him the only whores I had ever seen were the ones over on Dowling Street, one of the

HOOKING THE STREETS OF HOUSTON

"Have I lived 23 years to come to this, a half-eaten dinner in an underground parking lot?"

seedier streets in the Third Ward ghetto. Bleach blonde, gum-popping visions complete with the latest "Fredrick's of Hollywood" wardrobes, who catered mostly to the blacks in that area. Charlie was quick to correct me, saying that his girls preferred to be known as "escorts". He said that prostitution was becoming an acceptable occupation, drawing everyone from college coeds, to secretaries, to housewives, the main attraction obviously being the money and the flexible working hours. A girl could work for a couple of months, take off for a while, and come back when she was ready, without any problems. Charlie went on to explain that there were several paths a woman could take in Houston if she wanted to sell her "charms". She could work the streets, picking customers at random, giving blow jobs and five minute fucks to the blue collar populace, running the risk of violent clients and the vice squad. Or she could work under the protection of a bar or massage parlor. None of these avenues seem very profitable. Houston, large as it is, isn't large enough to support a large population of street women, nor is it large enough to escape the scrutiny of the predominantly Baptist population. The most famous bordello in Texas, the "Chicken Ranch", just outside the small community of La Grange, was shut down a couple of years ago with the help of a nosey Houston TV reporter.

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Charlie felt that the most honorable, professional, and safest path to "hookerdom" was the one he and others such as himself provided. He took 25% of what his "girls" made. In return, he offered protection from the law and hustled up the good customers. All the "escort" had to do was arrive on time at a predetermined place, entertain the client, and take a cab home. As a lawyer, he had a lot of business contacts, most of them being horny, wealthy, and away from their wives, alone in the big city, looking for a little action along with taking care of business. As a favor to his clients and a money making venture for himself, he supplied them with "entertainment". An arrangement such as this eliminated worries of violence and police for the girl and assured the client he would be getting an attractive, intelligent, discreet companion. The whole thing certainly didn't sound very ominous. I told Charlie to give me a call when he got something.

***

He called me about a week later. Was I still interested in material for my article? After having a week to consider things, I was on the verge of chickening out on the whole deal. But the visions of fame and fortune boggled my mind. Anything for a story. "Certainly I'm still interested." There it was; I had committed myself. Charlie told me to go to the Golden Dragon at 8:00 and ask for M. Paul Marcell.

"He's a Frenchman and his business is wine. A very nice fellow. You'll like him. Call tomorrow and let me know how it went." Click went the phone. Wham went my heart. I sank onto my bed feeling like I was going to faint. The reality of the situation finally hit and I glanced at the clock. I had a good four hours in which to change my mind, claim female problems, catch the first flight to Cuba, or retire to a nice warm bath and try to get a little perspective on the situation. Throwing wisdom to the wind, I decided on the bath. After all, he was only a harmless little winemaker. Probably fat around the middle and balding. He would kiss me once, pump me twice, cum on my stomach, and pay me off in travelers cheques. The whole affair would take fifteen minutes and I would fantasize him into Richard Dreyfuss.

Now this may appear strange to some of you, but I have never in my short life been inside a nude dancing club. It's not that I have avoided them, I just never had occasion to enter one. I never figured them my "style". The Golden Dragon was just such a place, situated in the middle of downtown Houston, perched atop a twenty-story black-and-chrome office building. You take the elevator up to the twenty-first floor, where you are met by plush carpeting and an Oriental woman wearing nothing but a smile and a red satin G-string, or what I, in my inexperience, refer to as a G-string. I could see the night would promise more than one new experience.

"M. Marcell's table please." She smiled and asked, "Would you be so kind as to wait for a moment, please?" Pointing to a chair to the left of the elevator, she shuffled off into the room. This delay gave me the opportunity to examine my surroundings. It was, as the name implied, an Oriental club (though I'm not sure if club is a fit name for it—it seemed more like the private chambers of a Sixteenth century warlord.) A rich-looking room done in reds and golds. Heavy brocaded drapes dissuaded any city light that might find its way in. The furniture was low to the ground, consisting mostly of long couches and large satin cushions. The air was smoky and smelled very definitely of incense. Who would have thought such a lair existed in the middle of downtown Houston. The whole place seemed very removed in time and place. I could dimly make out the heads of the few customers, all Orientals, from what I could see. I was beginning to wonder about my meek Frenchman. "This way please." The voice of my nattily attired guide (it's best to stay cheerful in these situations) broke through my daydreaming. She led me into that mysterious room with the nude dancing ladies.

He was wearing a white pin-stripe suit and was not fat around the middle and was *(Continued on page 76)*

I, KIM POPE

Kim Pope, the beautiful and talented porn actress, is CHERI's mistress of disguise and deception. Because she is daring and uninhibited, she can penetrate areas where few dare to tread. In this column, she makes a landmark offer that no film freak can afford not to take advantage of. You can reach her, of course, here at CHERI.

"This would be my way of saying thanks to at least two of my fans. . . ."

by KIM POPE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

The next time you're standing in line to buy a pack of ciggies (low tar of course), let your eye wander past the magazine rack. Of course, first prize goes to the girlie magazines. I should know, I've been in dozens of them. And then there's the usual collection of Hobby and Sport magazines but even "Hot Rod" probably has a naked girl on the cover. But now notice the large number of confession and movie magazines. Dozens of them. Movie stars, politicians, astronauts, athletes and mass murderers. People in the Public Eye. What do they eat for breakfast, with whom do they sleep and on what color sheets? From Billy Graham to Jerry Rubin, the public has set aside a special place in their hearts and a special love for gossipy "dish" about these famous people. I am personally very grateful for the many wonderful letters I've received over the years from fans. Beautiful letters full of kind wishes and "drool" humor.

And the fans on the street who so shyly ask for an autograph, a word, a handshake. I have fond memories of the man who recognized me at the flower shop buying plants for my garden. I left laden down with potting soil, rocks and seedlings, wending my way down Third Avenue when he approached me and asked if I'd ever been in a movie. I admitted the possibility and he told me all the movies of mine that he had enjoyed. He said he'd seen many of them twice. He carried my plants all the way home and helped me plant some herbs. When my husband came home, he got very flustered and left in a hurry. I guess it had never occurred to him that I might be married. And then there was the waiter who wouldn't let me pay for my lunch. He said I had made him happy so many times. . . . He picked up the tab himself. And the people on the street who smile and say hello and call greetings out their car windows.

And a special "Thanks" to all the Cheri Readers who have sent in letters of encouragement and good cheer. One of the first letters I read was one I'd like to share with you. . . .

Dear Kim,

If the handwriting is hard to read it's because of the time on the clock and the hard-on I have under this magazine. The best of luck with CHERI—it's going to make it! You have got to be one of my most favorite sensual chicks that I ever had the pleasure to fantasize about. My girlfriend and I are considering making a flick in the future. The idea of a movie puts my 7½" through some wicked changes, not to mention Ailene's wet panties at the thought of "motion dick flicks."

We're constantly taking 35mm stills of each other which we would love to have your critique on but I really don't know if it's smart to let our glorious cum shots out in this letter because I don't know if you'll ever truly get a chance to read it. Ailene is a lovely lady who like yourself knows the pleasure of letting anyone and everyone see her earth-shaking orgasms. I guess we feel there has *never*, throughout our sexual lives, been any act we were ashamed of, because our families' (parents') attitudes were always one of complete and total sexual pleasure.

Ailene's father caught her with her pants down and the Electrolux vacuum ready to blow a fuse. My mother in my younger years caught me jerking off into my foxy cousin's asshole at the age of 13. All she said was that my cousin will have to live with her pain-in-the-ass cousin (me) for a long time to come—or cum.

I am 28 now, and Ailene is 24. We are totally committed to sharing pleasure. We recently got involved with some of the swingers' clubs on Long Island and we both agree that the majority of couples we have met do not swing openly and this represents a form of cheating to us both. Since these couples do not really care about their partners' satisfaction nor show the slightest desire to see their equal prove his or her ability to turn a stranger on.

It gives us both pleasure to see each other pleasing through fucking, sucking, etc., etc. We would love to have you and hubby out to our house but it's foolish for us to keep up a "stiff dick and lover lip" in hopes of that.

Ailene would like to leave her current job (topless dancer) and get involved with something she could sink her teeth into or my dick into! I hope our paths cross eventually. We would like to represent a force of sexuality which totally encompasses and pleases all that are within our reach.

Ailene and I would like to wish you and your husband the best of pleasure you can experience and may all your future climaxes come in quarts!!

Love,
Galen and Ailene Stein

I was so intrigued by their frankness and sincerity that I called the folks at Cheri and demanded a conference. All these wonderful people who write in their dreams and opinions should not be forgotten. So I came up with a nifty idea. Why not make someone's dream come true? Let's get "in touch" and arrange a meeting. We could get together and share ideas and get to know one another. The pictures they had enclosed showed them to be young and beautiful. She was slim with long dark hair past her waist and he was tall and richly tanned. I asked our staff photographer to arrange to shoot a layout of the three of us together along with an interview. I got an enthusiastic "OK" and returned the following letter. . . .

Dear Galen and Ailene,

Thank you for writing and letting me know how much you enjoyed my article in the first issue of *Cheri*. I had a lot of fun writing it and I share your high hopes for *Cheri*'s success.

(Continued on page 72)

DIVINE DECADENCE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard II
for liberated men

by MAUREEN MURPHY

"I squirted myself and my dog Spanky . . ."

Soap Opera Sinners with T.V. Dinners

With a population explosion going on, how can so many people be lonely? I, for one, know that sometimes standing in a crowd can be one of the loneliest places around.

Individuals withdraw from the outer world and stay behind locked doors. They switch on the soap opera sinners, and top it off with a raw TV dinner. Seldom do they fall asleep before the sign-off signal of the station. Stagnation.

We're all looking for someone. But, you can't meet *that* someone locked in solitary confinement. You have to go out among the masses, and weed out the asses; that is, if you know what you're looking for. Now take me, for instance. I can't honestly say I know what I'm looking for, but I do know what I'm *not* looking for. Maybe by process of elimination, I'll find my mate! It should be positive stimulation going out in the world. But unfortunately a city girl has her setbacks. And there have been times when I've been set back for days, months, years, etc.

All I'm trying to say is, if the record skips, don't play it. If it doesn't, get off your ass and dance!

California Sea Side Sludge

Everybody is doing it. Stripping themselves of their materialistic shells. It's the "in" thing to do, isn't it?

Sure I like to play sun-goddess on the beach and feel the sun toast my body evenly. But, I really can't handle some of the fucking scumbags that flock to the nude beaches. Vultures.

One asshole came right up to me and sat at my feet on *my* towel to get a hawk's eye view. No wonder I couldn't get my roommate Grace to go. And you can be damn sure I won't go again either. It was like swatting flies.

Too bad that living in the city handicaps us so much. I guess New York has its sludge, and Los Angeles has a sludge all of its own! After about three hours my friends and I split.

Happy to be home again, I eagerly unlocked the back gate and I stripped. In hot anticipation, I turned the garden hose on, and I squirted down myself and my dog Spanky. You see dogs aren't allowed at the Free Beach. People can be free but not dogs. That's another disgusting story.

Those cool, clear, clean currents of city water rushing all over and down my body felt great. Fuck the Free Beach!

And On This Farm There Was A Pig!

FUCK. It was 9:00 at night, and we were in the middle of a grade AAAA joint, and wouldn't you know it, another fucking intrusion. Knock, Knock. He looked familiar, but I couldn't place his face. He looked a bit repulsive standing at the front door slurping on a melting popsicle. Since he is the landlords' brother-in-law and since Grace and I are moving, he is interested in renting the house.

During the house tour, he mentioned he worked in Alhambra. I asked him what kind of work he did. He's a cop for the Alhambra Police Dept.

I thought I'd shit. I spent a night in the Alhambra jail for being in a place where marijuana was being smoked. I mentioned the incident to him, and lo and behold, he remembered the incident (only because a friend of mine who was also busted is a member of a prominent, well established family). He was one of the arresting officers. I knew all he could do was write me a ticket, if he wanted, but he was too busy playing hip and cool. Having caught two young ladies in their robes at such an ungodly house, I guess he thought he could get laid.

Quickly, he chuckled and washed his hands of the Alhambra matter by blaming it on his partner. Then he tried to impress me and Grace by telling us a tall tale of him planting marijuana seeds in front of the Alhambra Police Department. This jerk thought he had balls, all I saw was a big *screwball.*

Now he wants to make time with us after throwing me in jail three years ago. Well, to those officers of the law who are supposed to serve and protect and are instead bullshitting the public eye, I hope they burn in jail. I'm sure they probably will.

As for me, I have a lot of self-discipline to work on, like my temper, for instance. I get so pissed-off! I want to wring necks! Why . . . because it's an insult to my intelligence when jerk-offs like that pig-o, and the hawk-eye at the beach, etc., try to "fuck" me. Because I don't "fuck," I make love. There is a difference to me.

The bastard who popped my cherry at 16, only because he led me to believe I had to prove my love, "fucked" me.

When a fucking-ass biker poured an ice-chest of water and ice cubes and beer cans over me because I wouldn't suck him off, I realized I had to let him "fuck" me or he'd beat the shit out of me. I call that rape. But, of course, it's a debatable subject, and it would never hold up in a court of law.

So much of sex is dirty only because slobs like them make it so. That's why so many women are turning to women. The affectionate, love-making fantasy is turned into a thrashing, bondage-like rape. Different strokes for different folks. I mean when someone is raped they aren't only sexually assaulted, but their mind is being fucked also.

Maybe I'm wrong. But I *feel* I'm right! Women aren't pieces of chopped liver. And women who accept being mere fornication and/or copulation objects, only make it hard for the rest of us. Ain't that *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman.*

Watch out! Maureen Murphy, our life-style analyst and bio-rhy thmic bombshell reporter, has a lot of steam escaping in this column. Maureen, a magnificent model and astute editor, is our high priestess of the real reality, distilling her feelings about the half-assed hacks who hit on innocent, pleasure-giving people into one exploding blast. Hang on to your crotches, you guilty ones, and read and heed. Write Maureen c/o CHERI.

photograph by GERNOT PLITZ

KANSAS CITY STARK

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard II
for liberated men

by JODY MAXWELL

"I was being taught undercover work by the Secret Service when the radio show called . . ."

While attending the Democratic Convention and checking out the post-convention New York scene, I kept in touch with Kansas City by way of A.T. and T. This had its good points and its bad points. For example, every time I called home, I heard that my sweet Buick convertible had been broken into *another* time. That's definitely a bad point.

A couple of good points were the two shows I did for WDAF, a K.C. radio station. I taped some tidbits on the Democratic Convention for the John Chambers show, which also included actual taped words between the head of the Missouri delegation and me on the convention floor.

For my old friend Jay Cooper, of WDAF, I sacrificed some of my early a.m. time, so that he could call me during his early morning show and talk with me live, on the air, regarding those last final social moments of the convention.

While the social activities of the convention seemed somewhat milder than other political conventions I have attended, I was in the process of being taught undercover work by the Secret Service when Jay's radio show call came. For those who were listening on the way to their offices, I'm glad I was able to share some of those special live moments with you.

About a week later, Jay and I again had occasion to speak by phone long-distance in a private conversation. Jay told me about the overwhelming response that he had received to our "live" talk. He said that someone called him up and made the accusation that the call was a hoax. The caller had seen films of mine, and said I was an actress, *not* a journalist. Jay, of course, explained that I am both. The first call evidently started a chain reaction, according to Jay. Soon, he was receiving calls from people who loved this refreshing interlude and from people wanting to know where to buy *CHERI.* Jay said that the response had been both tremendous and favorable. By the way, for any real leftover doubting Thomases, the call was completely live, real and unrehearsed.

A word about the GOP convention in my town. I hear delegates were outraged by John Dean covering the Republican Convention for *Rolling Stone.* One Delaware delegate told Kansas Citians that he was shocked, and couldn't imagine who in his right mind would talk to Dean. (Maybe Dean should come in disguise.) Besides Dean, Liz Ray made a stab at "reporting" at the convention for another magazine. It's sloppy seconds, as usual, for these Johnny-cum-latelys. The Max was there first!

Evidently, a lot's been happening in Kansas City, while I've been on the East Coast. During another long distance conversation, with one of my favorite K.C. news personalities, I learned of a recent drug raid that, unexpectedly turned into a pornography movie-ring bust in Kansas City. The undercover detectives had gone to make a drug purchase, but arrived in the midst of a sex film of a shooting. To make matters worse, the female star performers, at that moment, were twelve and fourteen years old.

The detectives also found 75 kilograms of grass, a large quantity of pills, and a quantity of unknown white powder. The initial estimate of the value of the drugs found was about $12,000. In addition to the two young girls being filmed, the detectives "found" their partner in the interrupted scene (a man in his late 20's). Movie-making and still equipment were confiscated. A man in his late 30's was arrested on two counts of child molesting. A married couple, both 35 years old, were also arrested.

All of the adults were charged with various drug charges and/or child molestation or crimes against nature charges. The two girls were turned over to juvenile authorities. According to my news friend, the girls just thought they were doing some kind of modeling. (Modeling??)

My reaction to this bust is anger, not at the cops, but anger at these phonies who abuse the name and reputation of all those in the erotic film world, by their cheap actions. This is *not* the typical way of making erotic feature films, but, unfortunately, the very few who use drug and child sex rings get the headlines first.

Because Kansas City is in the middle of the Bible Belt, sometimes horny people have to use ingenuity to figure out ways to sell sex without "selling" sex, so that they can stay around for a while. One successful way, which has become a Kansas City landmark, was the birth of the Blue Orchid several years ago. The Blue Orchid is a modeling studio at Thirty-first and Main Street, that achieved national fame from the ultra-sexy recording that answered the phone. That sultry voice with her words wishing to fulfill your desires and give you an experience by "posing" for you, evidently made many a man fill with desire. The super-sexy recording was the cause of a full-fledged national investigation by the Florida state house a couple of years ago, after the state received bills for hundreds of calls placed to The Blue Orchid from the Florida capitol building. (I'll always wonder how much that sexy Kansas City voice influenced policy-making in Florida during that time.)

Alas, the recording is no more! The phone bills for the Blue Orchid at one point ran more than $4000, and there were 22 phone lines. People would call from every state in the union and Canada. It got to be a real hassle.

The Blue Orchid changed ownership recently, and with the change went the recording. Now the phone (Continued on page 72)

photograph by SIWHER OHLSSON

Luscious Jody Maxwell, the Singing Cocksucker, writer, actress, and sex goddess of the Bible Belt, reports on some of Kansex City's hot spots and her recent gig covering the Democratic National Convention for us. Jody not only makes the important scenes wherever she goes—she creates them, and leaves them panting for more. Jody's latest film is Expose Me, Lovely*—and watch for* Mommy's Boy *and* Satan's Sacrifice *real soon. Our incredible oralist opens every letter herself, so be sure to write her c/o CHERI.*

THE BEEHIVE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE

> "The times I went to bed with D.C. big shots, it was strictly play-for-pay."

CHERI is proud to present Miss Honeysuckle Divine, America's High Priestess of Poon, the ultimate sexual happening, as a regular columnist. As a performer, Honeysuckle dazzles devotees of pussy acrobatics with her repertoire of spunktacular feats, and as a journalist, she's the frankest little lady you'd ever want to meet. And she's a real sweet person, too. This month Honeysuckle will give you her inside view of Washington, D.C. Write her c/o CHERI.

photograph by PETER HURD

I feel sorry for Elizabeth Ray after reading her book. She paid dearly for every luxury she had. It is a shame she had to endure much mental abuse, and I hope she can have peace and happiness now, and that people will understand what she went through. I don't believe in ratfinking, but she was simply pushed too far, and her nerves obviously gave out on her. There but for the grace of God go I.

Recently an elderly gentleman who said he was from Ohio and worked for Congress told me he knew Wayne Hays and that he was a great chairman. The gentleman seemed very sad and said that Liz Ray was an exception, rather than a rule. He said there was a lot of work to be done and that most of the girls work very hard.

I told him I agreed with him. I live around a lot of government workers in my apartment building, and I know a lot of them spend hours just getting to work. They often make two or more bus changes and ride standing up in crowded buses all the way. Not all the girls have fancy sports cars to drive around in as Liz Ray did.

Fortunately, the times I went to bed with important people in Washington, D.C. it was strictly on a play-for-pay basis, and no mistress-type emotional affairs. The night I spent with a president of the United States at the Statler Hilton might have blossomed into a more lasting relationship if not for the war. He was a wonderful man who hated the decision he had to make. The war broke his heart, and I never had sex with him after the war broke out.

Unlike Liz Ray, I tried to avoid men in power. I know power can go against you as well as for you. I didn't want to know the identities of the men I met, even though, sometimes, it was obvious who they were. If I meet them, I pretend I don't know who they are. A girl can get bumped off for knowing too much. It is a very dangerous business.

One congressman from the Midwest approached me at the Robin Hood Lounge on K Street a few blocks from the White House about two years ago. I wasn't living in D.C. at the time, only passing through town. He gave me his calling card and asked me to call him at his office number. I was shocked that he was so careless about exposing his identity. At that time, my diary was appearing each week in *Screw* magazine. If only he knew! I never did call him, but I thought of him when I was performing on a burlesque stage in his home district. Maybe I should have called him and set him up for one of those rewards they're giving these days.

I've never met Wayne Hays, but he might be surprised to know I met a government worker from his home district who says she lost her political virginity to him twenty years ago. It seems she couldn't type very well, either, and was going to lose a government grade because of it. She appealed to him to put in a good word for her, but he told her it would probably do more harm than good, as he was a Democrat in a Republican administration. She said she lost her political virginity because she thought politics didn't have anything to do with her job. She took a typing course and improved her skills enough to get her promotion, even though she didn't need to type much in her job. Twenty years later, she has others doing her typing for her, and she got promoted strictly by hard work.

Wayne Hays should get a franchise and start Wayne Hays Typing Schools across the country. It seems that women who can't type have been asking him to help them for years and years.

Sex seems to have raised its ugly head in the Justice Department, too. Miss Diane Williams recently won a four-year court fight in which Judge Charles R. Richey of U.S. District Court said she was a victim of sex discrimination. It seems she got fired because she refused the sexual advances of her supervisor. Miss Diane Williams was a communications specialist who has now made court history. Anyone who is pressured to have sex in order to keep a job can file suit under the Civil Rights Act. If everyone did, the courts would really have a backlog of cases. They wouldn't have time for anything else!

I find that in almost any kind of work there are men trying to pressure women to go to bed with them. Once, when I worked as a waitress, the cook and the bartender were on the make. They messed up my orders for the customers because I wouldn't put out. I ended up getting fired.

The government has spent over $200,000 studying the sex habits of rats, but they should have used it to study people instead. It would be interesting to discover why so many horny men are trying to get laid by women who don't want to put out. Some people say that if prostitution were decriminalized, the streets would be backed up with hookers. But I know that a lot of women have a very low sex drive, and hooking would not appeal to them, even if it were legal.

In my investigations, I discovered they could use more pussy at the Justice Department—the four-legged variety of pussy. According to Sinclair Gearing, an attorney from that department, a mouse problem exists. It is probably due to the construction work near there recently for the new J. Edgar Hoover Building. The rat poison they put out doesn't seem to do much good. I used to have a pet mouse, and I know they are too smart for people. The only way to out-smart them is to get a clever pussy cat after them. When I suggested that to Mr. Gearing, he said he didn't know which would be worse—the mouse turds or the kitty litter. As long as the pussy is clean, they would have nothing to worry about.

I am so thrilled to have a column to write in again. Keep those cards and letters coming. Make me look good to the editor. I will answer each one. Next month I will write of my experiences in Cleveland, Ohio, and then, Ecorse, Michigan. I promised the pussy eaters there that I would write about them and I haven't forgotten!

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

photograph by ALLEN

Okay, you miserable wretches out there, this month Mistress Roseanne, the strictest mistress of all Manhattan, continues her seminar in the making and training of a slave. The Mistress has just completed videotaping a cable television presentation of her toughest tactics. You vill write Mistress Roseanne c/o CHERI.

> "Punishments fit the crime: clothespins on tongues, eating soap for abusive language. . . ."

by MISTRESS ROSEANNE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

"Kneel down in front of me when I speak to you, whether I am conversing with you or giving you orders, your gaze should always be upward and never down at me. You will always remove your shoes when entering my home and your clothing before presenting yourself to me. I do not consider you inferior to me, however when you are in my domain you must remember, I do consider you my property and you will conduct yourself accordingly. You will always refer to me as Mistress, always speak in a soft tone, and with total respect. I do not demand, I command and I expect my commands to be followed immediately without hesitation. I would never do anything to harm you either physically or psychologically nor would I expect you to deal with anything I am not capable of handling myself. You must trust me or we can be of no value to one another; and even as you trust so you will fear. And believe me, one does not contradict the other. Your fear is such that you never know what I am capable of doing next, either for your pleasure, my amusement, or the consolidation of both fantasies.

"Look at me when I speak to you so you know that I mean what I say, and as we get to know one another you will come to feel what I say long before you hear my spoken words.

What you must remember foremost is that we are living out a fantasy; we are playing a game. If you wish to play in my backyard you must play by my rules. If you cannot adhere to this tell me now and we will remain friends, but you must go elsewhere to play."

The preceding is the second step in the tedious and very delicate procedure of fantasy enactment. I've found through my own experiences that this is the best way to deal with a dominant/submissive relationship.

Controlling a fantasy scene is by no stretch of the imagination an easy thing for a dominant personality. You must be sensitive, understanding and totally communicative with the submissive with whom you are playing. But, most difficult, at the same time you must be firm, totalitarian, and didactic.

All scenes are not the same, any more than all fantasies or persons are the same. If they were, they would be as boring as missionary sex. Each person, each fantasy must be dealt with on an individualistic level. What turns one person on may very well turn another off. So, please make it your first point of communication to get to know your love partner.

In my own training process, each scene is a continuation, a follow-up, so to speak, of what the slave has already learned in his training program. I would call it an instruction course for those who consider the art of being a slave a vocation. In my school for slaves, if you fail a course, you pay for it by meaningful punishment—not play acting. Punishments fit the crime. Clothes pins on tongue and nipples for speaking out of turn. Spanking on genitals with a razor strap for failure to sit when using the toilet. Cigarettes put out in the palm of the hand for smoking without permission. Eating soap for abusive language or cold showers for offensive body odor. By the same token, slaves are also rewarded for progress.

The following is in response to some of the letters that I have received from previous columns in this magazine:

Dear Roseanne: My name is David—and I really enjoy sadism. I am also a bit of a masochist. I love bondage but unfortunately I am unable to find a chick who understands and accepts my fantasies. Please tell me where and how I could contact or meet a girl who will understand me.

Dear David: Since you are writing me from upstate New York, my advice to you would be to come to Manhattan on any Wednesday evening at 7:30 P.M. There is a group of fantasists who call themselves the Eulenspeigel Society and they meet at the Church of the Beloved Disciple, 348 West Fourteenth Street. This is a discussion group of both men and women. Their purpose is understanding and the enlightenment of one another. I attend some of these meeting myself and find the people there most congenial and sympathetic to one another.

Dear Mistress Roseanne: I have just finished reading the first issue of Cheri *magazine, and have become a devoted reader of your column. I find it most interesting.*

If the Mistress would, will you please inform me how you break in a new slave after you summon him/her. What types of exotic training do you, Mistress, put him through? I have often wondered what it would be like if I were a slave to a dominant Mistress like yourself.

If the Mistress would, I would like to obtain photos of you in exotic clothing like black stockings, garter belt, etc., or outfits like the one you are wearing in Cheri *magazine. I have a photo collection of various sexual celebrities and would be honored if you sent some photos. You would be the highlight of my fast growing collection.*

If you were my Mistress, you would, have no problem training me. If you need a slave, summon me. I would worship you. Tim R.

Dear Tim: Keep following my column. It answers your questions on the training process of a slave. If you notice, each column has a different photo that you can add to your collection. I consider it a compliment that you wish to be my slave, for one person cannot own another unless that person is giving himself to you in the first place. This is indeed a most unselfish offer and is the basis of any S/M relationship. However, seeing as I am a dominant force, I choose my slaves when and where I wish. Your offer will be taken into consideration in my own time and in my own way.

THE SLAVE TRADE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by TERRY KOLB

"He tied my thumb to my nipple with the string attached to the clothespin . . ."

Terry Kolb, a founder of the New York Eulenspiegel Society (dedicated to Masochist Lib), shares some of her personal favorites from the world of restraint this month. Ms. Kolb resides in California and pursues the submissive life. She has become a spokesperson for the domitable and crusades for the day that the spread eagle becomes the national bird. Write Terry c/o CHERI.

When I was first asked to write about bondage and discipline techniques, I thought I knew next to nothing on this subject. Upon reflection, however, I realized that all I have to do is to think back on some of my experiences and I would have more than enough material.

I learned most of what I know of bondage from my former Master, Jack. I learned it the hard way, as Jack's captive and slave.

My favorite bondage position is spread eagle. This involves the arms and legs spread as far apart as possible so that the whole body is taut. This is best accomplished with broad leather cuffs on the wrists and ankles. The cuffs are equipped with metal eyelets to which chains can be attached. The subject is then completely helpless but is not injured by the restraints. Rope, on the other hand, can cut off the circulation. A word of caution, however, in using the cuffs. Sometimes the captive manages to reach the eyelet with her hand and detach the chain from her wrist. A small padlock between the eyelet and the chain removes this possibility. My sister slave, Goldie, usually had to be padlocked into her restraints but I was clever. I pretended not to know that I could reach the chain so I was never padlocked in. This decreased my feeling of claustrophobia but it did not give me any real freedom to leave because Jack would have seen me escaping and promptly stopped me.

You can be spread eagle either standing or lying down. Standing gives one a feeling of fatigue and vulnerability as the S can reach either side of you and in all places. Lying down gives one a feeling of suffocation especially if one is lying face down. The very earth seems to be pulling you down, holding you to its bosom. Ass fucking is difficult but not impossible in this position. Face up is okay for regular fucking. I would not advise anyone to leave his captive alone in these positions as he could be exposing her to real dangers. If the captive should take ill, for example, and vomit, she could rupture herself if unable to double up. There is also the possibility of fire or other unexpected changes in the environment which could easily be fatal for the helpless bondage victim. I urge you never to leave someone alone in these positions. A word of caution to M's, too. When having a scene with a new S, always go to his house, never to yours. In his house, he will eventually have to let you go. In your own house, he could tie you up and leave you. You could starve before you are discovered if you live alone.

A variant of spread eagle which I experienced once was over the top of a desk with my arms over the two far corners and my ankles under the two front corners. My face was hanging over the edge of the desk. In this position, Jack gave me a lesson in giving head. He shoved a dildo up my ass and another one in my mouth. He forbade me to lose either dildo while he whipped my ass. I really learned to hold a cock in my mouth a long time that night.

A really great position was used on me one night when Jack took out two simple clothespins with little strings attached. Who would have thought one could be rendered helpless by such a simple and small device! Jack put the clothespins on my nipples (which hurt a lot!). Then he pulled my hands behind my back all the way around as far as they would go. He tied my right thumb to my left nipple with the string attached to the clothespin. My left thumb was tied to my right nipple. Jack then suggested I try to pull free. The harder I pulled, the tighter the clothespins clamped down on my nipples. A hard enough tug and I would have been free, but without any nipples. Jack made me walk around the room in high heels, wiggling my hips. If I didn't wiggle enough, when I got to where he was standing, he would whip me painfully. After many laps around the room, Jack fucked me with the nipple-thumb restraint still on. As we mounted peaks of ecstasy, he ordered me to pull on the restraints which caused me great pain but did not loosen the restraints one iota. Jack taunted me that he could leave me like that. (We were at my apartment.) It was only my great trust in him that kept me from panicking.

The most subtle restraint Jack ever used was mental bondage. Here, Jack made me stand in an uncomfortable position with my legs apart and my torso bent at the waist. He ordered me not to move a muscle. His order, by this time, was as binding as ropes. This is, obviously, an advanced form of bondage not to be attempted in the early stages of a relationship. Jack taunted me that I was a statue and that he could do anything—jerk-off on me if he wished, and I could not stop him. Then he observed that I was still moving because I was breathing. "Stop breathing," came the command. I stopped in mid-breath. My lungs were not even full of air. I held my motionless body like that for what seemed like an eternity. My lungs were bursting by then. Jack held a hand in front of my nose to feel if I was cheating. Satisfied, he finally let me breath again. He always threatened that he would kill me that way some day. Just order me to stop breathing and not rescind the order until I was dead.

Another threat he never carried out was that of piercing my nipples and putting permanent rings through the holes. The bondage possiblities with this are really great. You could padlock the rings to chains and attach them anywhere. I could have also satisfied my vanity by wearing see-through blouses to

(Continued on page 74)

PICK OF THE PERSONALS

This month sexy Renee reports on honesty in the mail order porn biz. Our angel of the envelope has received some hot stuff from the post, and reports here for you poste haste. Renee, who spends her summers sailing and keeping cool at the skin-flicks, recently received an honorable mention at the a New Jersey fair for her incomparable maple nut fudge. Write delicious Renee soon c/o CHERI.

"All sorts of chains, ropes, and leather popped up in this batch."

by RENEE ROUSSEAU

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

PUCKAMIN, N.J.—When ordering anything from the mail-order sex world you've got to learn to expect almost *anything*, from disappointing rip-offs to terrific surprises. It's all part of this luscious game, and sort of like sex itself—usually it's great, once in a while not so hot, but you never want to give it up regardless!

"Wrestling bitches in Texas" the ad said. "See us tangle our nude bodies in fights." Could be interesting, I thought. Two dollars and two weeks later the mail brought a Xerox of a handwritten form letter apologizing that since this tumbling chick gets more than 50 letters a day (which may or may not be true) she can't possibly write to everyone personally. Her photo rates seemed a bit high! $5.00 for a single black and white pic of a bout, with color going for $5.00 and $10.00. She threw in a couple of samples—two babes engaged in limp arm locks atop a mattress. Only one of their faces was visible and she didn't look very excited about the goings-on. The package wasn't exactly a rip-off, but it wasn't the biggest turn-on of the century either.

The best lady wrestling scenes I've ever spied actually belonged to my brother. He probably sent away for them about ten years ago, so they have some historical interest as well. The set of Polaroids that he kept between his mattress and boxspring were sticky like the old Polaroids used to be, and the women in the pictures were fighting and restraining each other with stockings. There were three women involved. One woman was tied to a picket fence in front of a neat little lawn. The scene looked like the ideal American home, straight out of *My Weekly Reader*, except for the pussy and tits galore. One chick pulled a stocking tight around the "fenced" chick's mouth, gagging her and pulling her head toward her own tits as if she were a bridled filly. The third chick squatted like a squaw on the lawn beneath the victim and pushed her face into the puss above her. These "all you can eat" poses have always been a favorite of mine.

Though a lot of technical aspects of the mail order business have become advanced, I've really seen very few sets nowadays that make use of the great outdoors, or even cars for that matter. Few people go to the trouble to straighten out the bed—though a backdrop of crumpled sheets is enticing in its way. I guess I'm revealing some of my little homemaker tendencies, but the people who advertise their sexy shots could really come up with terrific spectacles without too much effort.

Do mail order advertisers who include their photo in papers and magazines get a better response than a person who just spells out their offering? You bet—if they're as juicy looking as the chick whose ad tempts "attractive slave has photos for sale from private collection. BD, SM, humiliation, breast discipline, etc." A photo of a very attractive young girl in breast chains accompanied this text.

Would this lass turn out to be just a teaser? Would I get nothing more than a Xerox from a big company or pictures of an entirely different person as sometimes happens? My $6.00 went out nonetheless for a sample set of ten photos and I must say it was extremely well spent! First, I got a personal typed letter thanking me for the order along with a rate sheet: black and white photos were a reasonable 10 for $6.00; color, 10 for $10.00. She must have a successful little operation going on because she mentioned in her letter that the pics had been delayed a bit getting to me since the folks were installing a new color photo processor in their darkroom. Still, there was no assembly line feeling here—and anybody into bondage would absolutely *love* these pictures!

The gorgeous woman from the ad sure enough appeared in several of the shots, joined at times by other attractive sets of tits. All sorts of chains, ropes, and leather popped up in these quality photos of various couples who seemed to be really involved in their erotic play. To top it off, in this great mail-order deal I also got seven *free* sample photos "as a bonus!" Utterly worthwhile! The motto, "Keep the customer happy" sure worked here, because I'm writing back to her for more!

It's always refreshing to see honesty in this world. I recently sent $3.00 to an ad that bluntly stated "Porno Photos" with an address. This was so vague that it could indicate *anything* from a private collector to a huge company, so I didn't anticipate getting much. Soon after I received a two-page handwritten letter from a guy in Tennessee who returned my money order since he happened to be out of stock of photos at the moment . . . and he could've just as easily cashed the money order and never responded at all.

I had mentioned in my letter to him that I wanted specific types of pics to see if he could and would oblige. Well, this advertiser was thoughtful enough to suggest another source where I might write to find photos of the young girls I requested since *he* couldn't help me out.

He also went on to add a pointer that I'm hereby passing onto you: when ordering through the mail, include a self-addressed-stamped-envelope. That way, as the man wisely continued, if you don't hear from the advertiser shortly it's a good indication that they're not going to deliver the goods, and plan to relieve you of your money instead.

This guy's helpful directness made my day! And at one point in his letter he commented, "I enjoy talking to people who are open about sex and know what they want and get it!"

Well said. See you next month!

SWING SHIFT

photograph by PAT FLYNT

Scott & Suzanne with their cum chum, Anita

The amazing Audrey Andrews has swung out on an extended sybaritic mission, but novice swingers Scott and Suzanne Murray have swung in, out, and all over the place. They're here to tell you all about swing scenes—from the beginning. Scott and Suzanne have worked in the skin-flicks, and both of these blond beauties believe in total sexual indulgence. We hope you'll welcome our new bodies beautiful with a load of mail c/o CHERI.

> "It was worth it. She was an ardent fan of back door entry."

by SCOTT AND SUZANNE MURRAY

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Hi there! Let me introduce ourselves. I'm Scott and my wife's name is Suzanne. We've been married now for just over four years. We like to think that we're an attractive couple, and—to be immodest for a moment—by the way we get checked out, we must be. Suzanne is a very well packaged 5'6" blonde. Every inch of her is tanned and soft, but firm to the touch. I'm a lean six foot, also fair-haired, guy. But being married doesn't mean that we don't like a bit of spice in our lives. We've tried to sample just about anything that came our way—or their way.

You see, we've found that there is nothing like experimentation and outside stimulation to keep the interest going. I remember the first time I picked up a chick after our wedding. It was about a year after. Before then we had spent our time getting to know each other and that had been stimulation enough! I had gone around to visit an old buddy of mine. One of those pre-Suzanne drinking pals. He wasn't there but his sister was. She invited me in for coffee. I honestly believed at the time that the lad would be back later, so I thought I might as well sit there and wait. She is rather on the stunning side.

During the conversation, she excused herself saying that she had to change out of her office clothes and take a shower. When she re-entered the room, she was wearing only a towel. (Amazing, the limited repertoire of tricks the ladies will fall back on. I'd read about this one in all the pulp magazines but never believed it really happened until then!)

Now, I'm not the type to let a gorgeous chick walk around unmolested with half her tits showing and her bush barely covered. But I really still felt that I should be faithful to the wife. This kid didn't feel like letting me stay faithful. I'll be the first to admit that life would be pretty boring if I had. She came over to where I was sitting and let the towel slip to the floor. Even *my* conscience wouldn't let me just sit there eye to pussy. I may have been a bit slow, but not that slow. So I was seduced into what they call adultery for the first time.

It was worth it. She was an ardent fan of the back door entry. Suzanne and I had never really got into ass-fucking. And though I had done it with others before, I'd never had a chick who loved it. This one did. I enjoyed the feeling of her tightness around my prick and the knowledge that I was 'cheating' on Suzanne made it even better. I came and went. Without waiting to speak to my friend.

All the way home I was worried. I didn't want to keep it a secret but I was afraid of what Suzanne would say when I told her. I even went the usual trip of buying her some flowers to ease the way. (A guaranteed tip-off to any woman that you've been doing something or someone you shouldn't.)

What I didn't know was that the chick I'd just fucked was of the liberated modern variety. Well, either that or spiteful. As soon as I'd gone, she called Suzanne to congratulate her on her marital catch. So Suzanne knew almost before I did.

When I entered, she took the flowers from me and dragged me into the bedroom. I didn't resist—I thought I might as well enjoy her once more before being banished to the living room couch. What surprised me was that she grabbed the Vaseline from the bedside cupboard and thoroughly covered my cock. Then knelt in front of me and guided me into her asshole. I thought it most unusual as she had never expressed the desire before and twice in one day was pushing the probable odds.

We both enjoyed the experience. While we were lying in bed smoking afterwards, she told me about the phone call. And how, at first, she had felt hurt; and then realized that she was more turned on than offended. And how she had decided it was about time I did her ass too.

Relieved? You bet! And when she made me fuck her again, I knew that she wasn't kidding. The idea of me making it with another woman was getting her horny as hell. She even asked me to tell her the details while she rode me.

So this first adventure was easy on both of us. I benefited. Of course I benefited. It is always nice to know that women are still interested in you. And it is always nice to fuck with someone new. Suzanne benefited. She is incredibly turned on by knowing that I am attractive to others. And by imagining what I do to them.

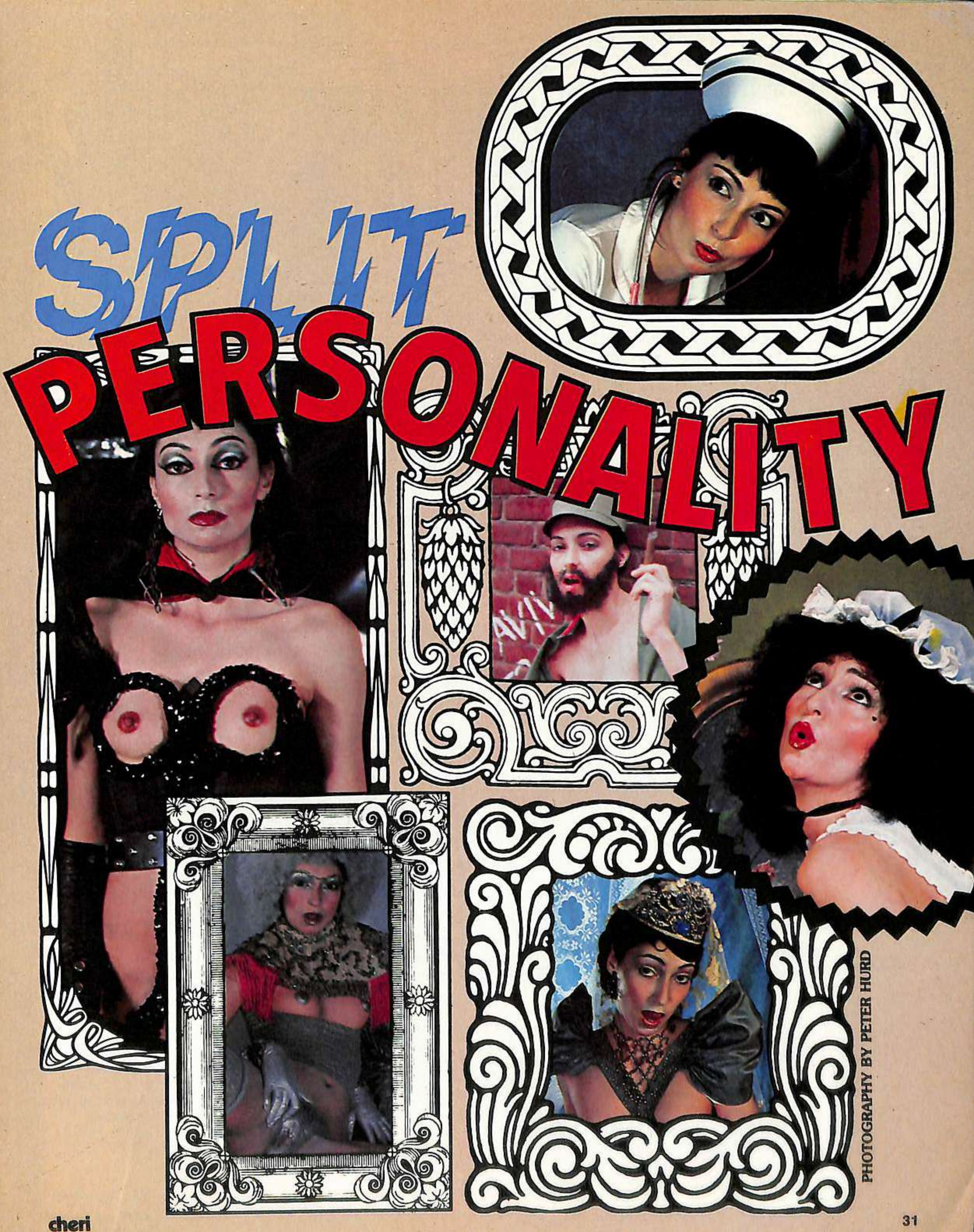
Having found my liberty and knowing that it did nothing to upset my marriage, I made as much use of it as I could. Although I had always said that Suzanne was free to enjoy herself too, I didn't quite know how I'd react if she did. I found out soon enough.

There was an extremely good-looking friend of a friend hanging about a lot of the time. He was quite obviously after Suzanne but she seemed indifferent. Until the night I got home late and found them fucking on the bed. I didn't know quite what to do, so I left the room and rolled a joint. When he got finished using his joint, he came through and they shared mine. Somehow, I didn't feel the terrible jealousy I had thought I might.

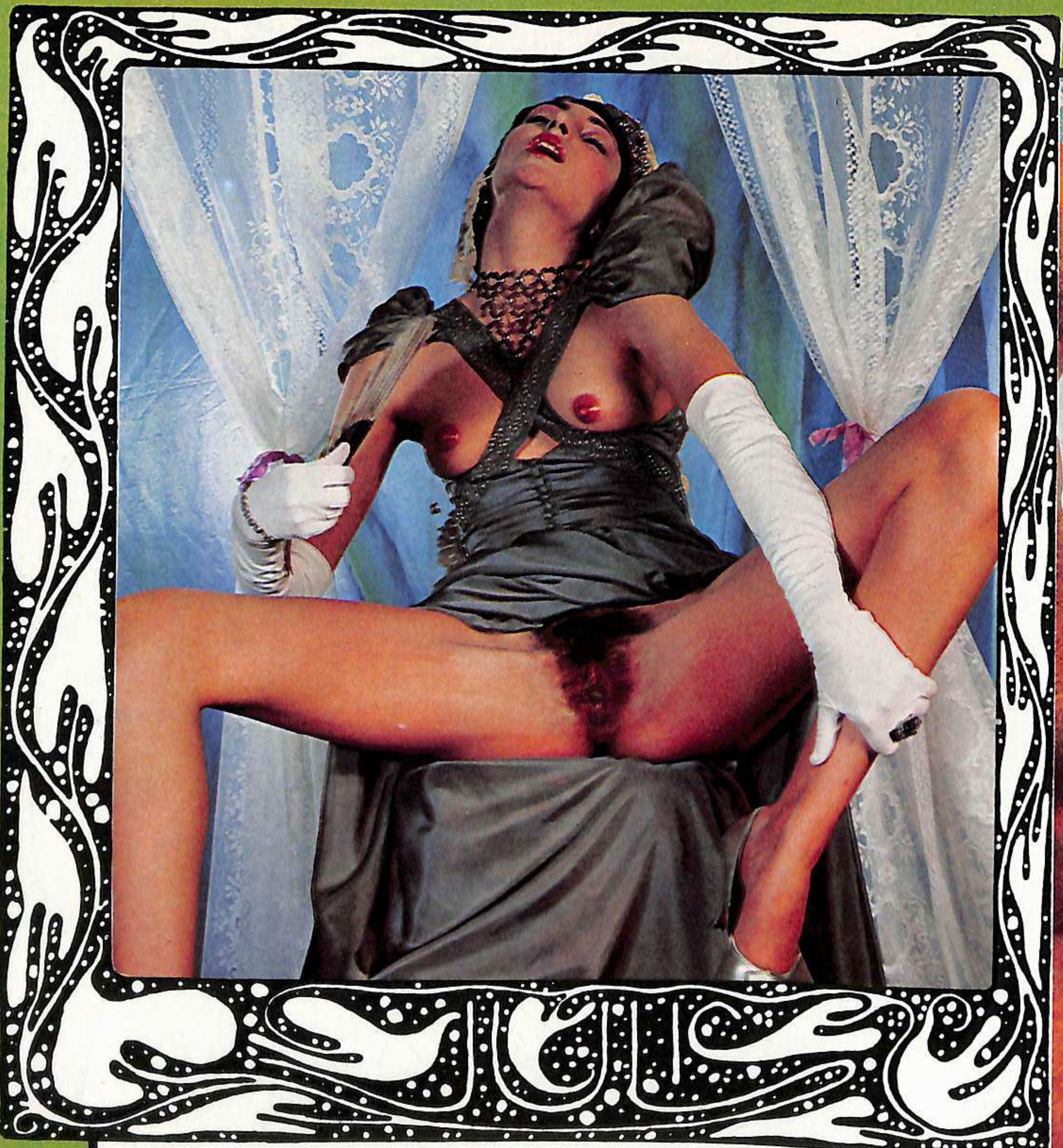
When he left, we went to bed. It was about four in the morning. I was dead tired. But not Suzanne. It seems that the main effect of her fucking, or my fucking, is to turn her on. To me. Do you think I'm complaining? So I never did get any sleep.

And that is how it is with us. We have found that neither of us is very jealous. So affairs outside of our marriage aren't a threat to either of us. They *(Continued on page 74)*

SPLIT PERSONALITY



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER HURD



Willowy Marlene Willoughby has triumphed over many of life's inhibiting circumstances—a ghetto upbringing, small tits and a genius for trusting the wrong men—to emerge into pulsing porn prominence. She is a girl of many contradictions, preferring a life in dog-mug-dog New York to beach-blanket bingo on the Coast.

The following interview reveals the depths of her multi-faceted nature and the photographs reveal the rest.

PETER: Never mind the usual crap about how talented you were in your high school drama club—just tell me what making sex films has done to your life. Are you jaded? Fucked out? Gay? Celibate? Kept? What?

MARLENE: Well, yeah, lately I've begun to feel like a nymphomaniac. . . .

PETER: That's wonderful. Why?

In *Love In The Strangest Place*, Marlene played a mental patient who thought she was Josephine Bonaparte.

MARLENE: Because I screw at least twice a day—and since I'm single, that takes a lot of effort, but it's very satisfying, because I'm having a lot more orgasms.
PETER: You mean at home or on film?
MARLENE: Both. If I don't do a loop, like, I'll go out and . . . get someone.
PETER: That's pretty straightforward. Do you think it's a direct result of making films like these?
MARLENE: Well, I was a pretty . . . loyal girl before

My first lover was a real son of a bitch. But he taught me a lot.

The recent hit, *Misty Beethoven*, found Marlene in a bit role as a deep-throating chambermaid, a role she repeated in *Sweet Pumpkin*.

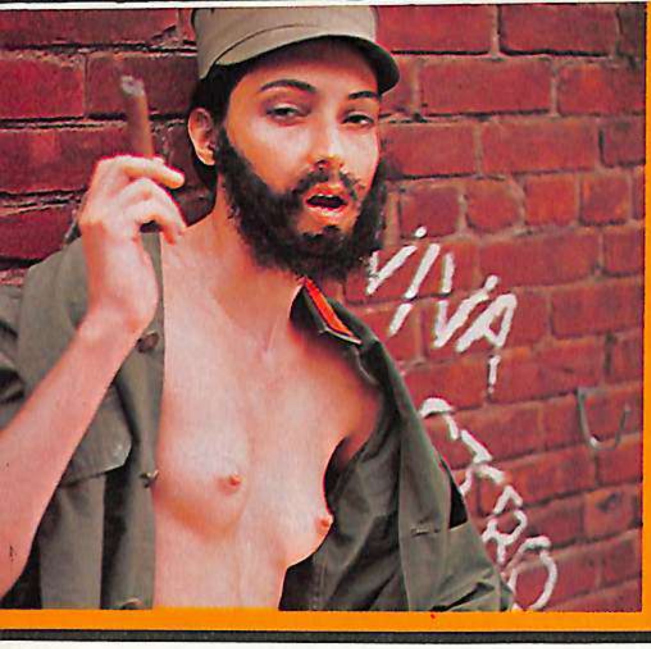
got into porn. I had one affair for six years, another for three—heavy numbers. Then when I went into this I realized I could enjoy different men for different reasons.

See, I grew up in a houseful full of women, and men were regarded as an unnecessary item in life—unless they were loaded. So I started making out with older guys that could take me to dinner and nice places. My first lover—I was 19—was 45, and we went together for six years. A real son of a bitch, but he taught me a lot . . .

PETER: About sex?

MARLENE: Of course. But mostly about life. Six years together, and one day a woman comes up to me on the street and asks, "How's the baby?" That's how I found out

***The Blue Beetle vs. The Teenage Marauders* is an op-pop porno in which Marlene plays a villain named The Silver Fox.**



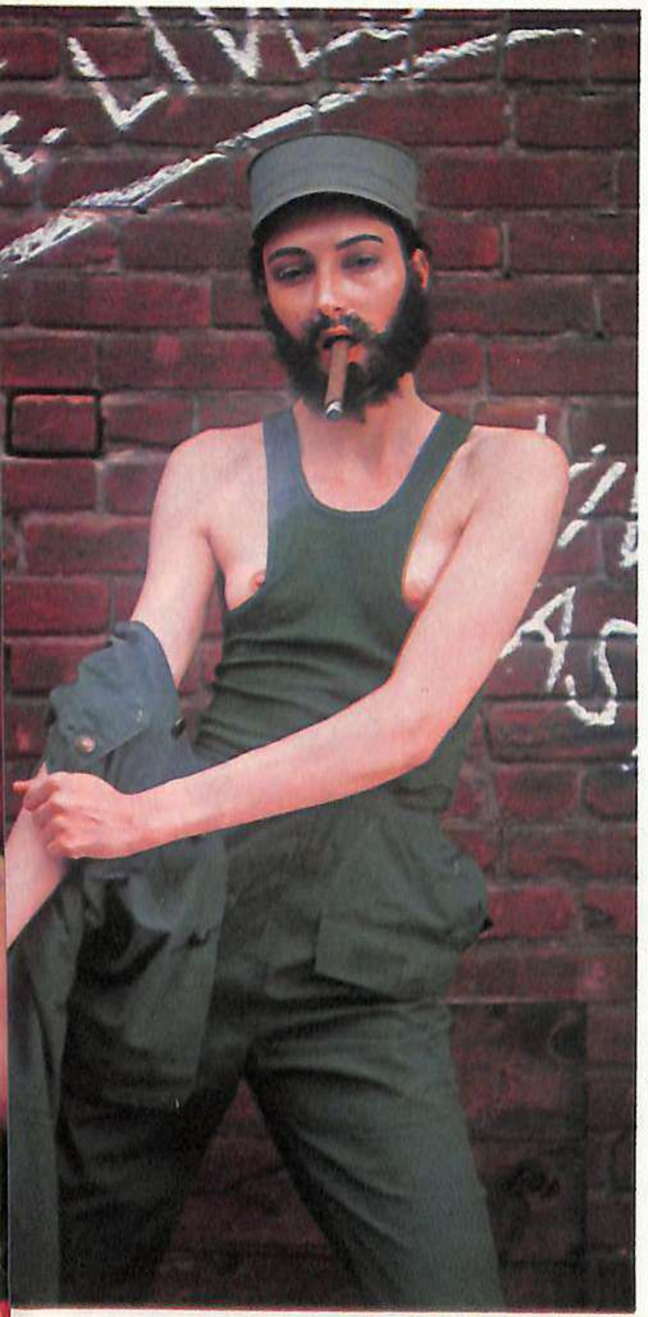
he'd gotten married four years before, when I was out of town on location. And all this time I was seeing him six days a week, in his office and his apartment at night. How could I know he had a wife and family in Brooklyn? The perfect double life—the guy shouldda been a spy.

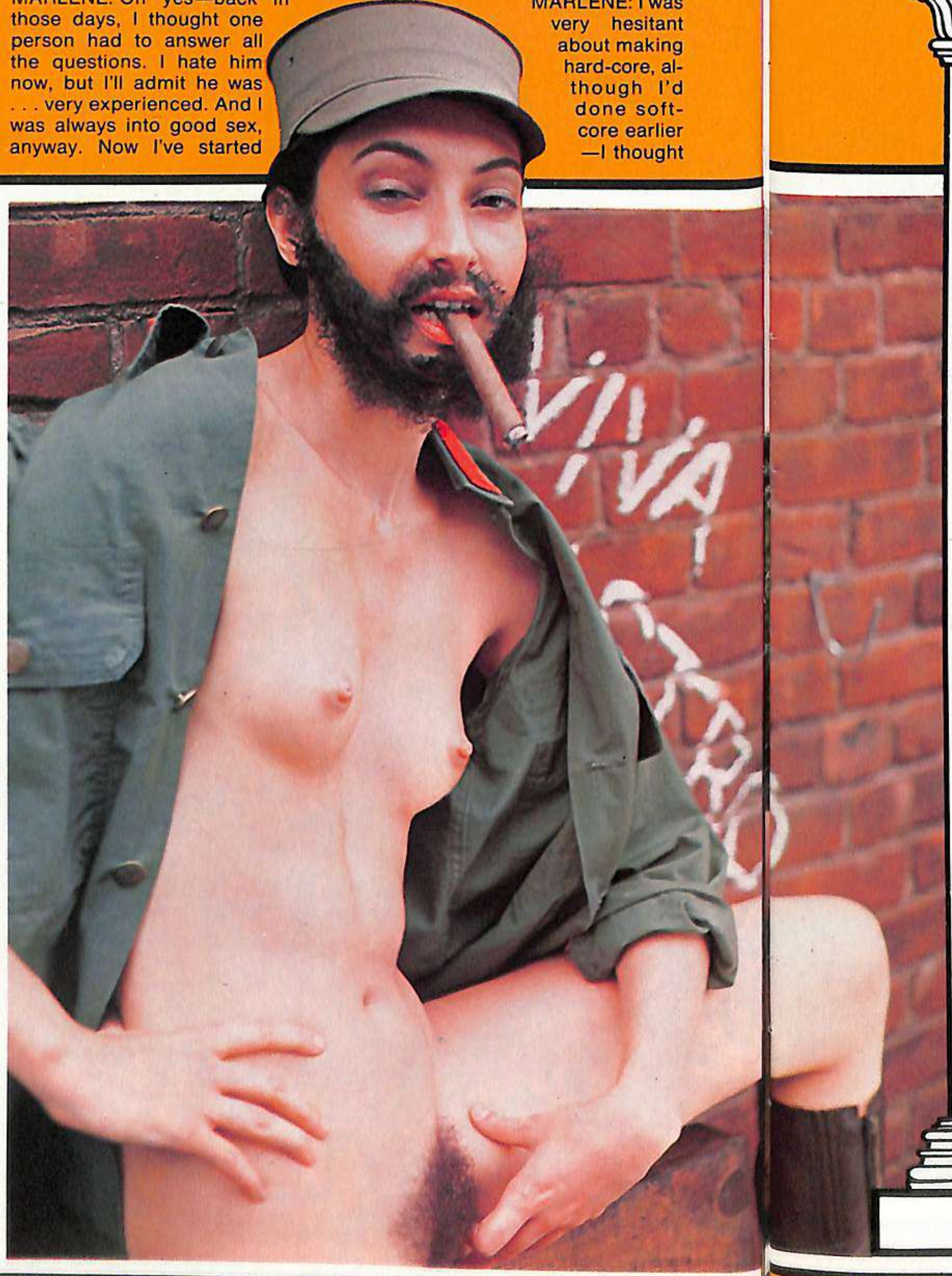
PETER: Had you been faithful to him all this time?

MARLENE: Oh yes—back in those days, I thought one person had to answer all the questions. I hate him now, but I'll admit he was . . . very experienced. And I was always into good sex, anyway. Now I've started making out with younger guys. I've learned how exciting a young body can be, and the variety of seeing different men at different times. Now, it's like, if one guy doesn't want to do something to me, I can find someone else who does.

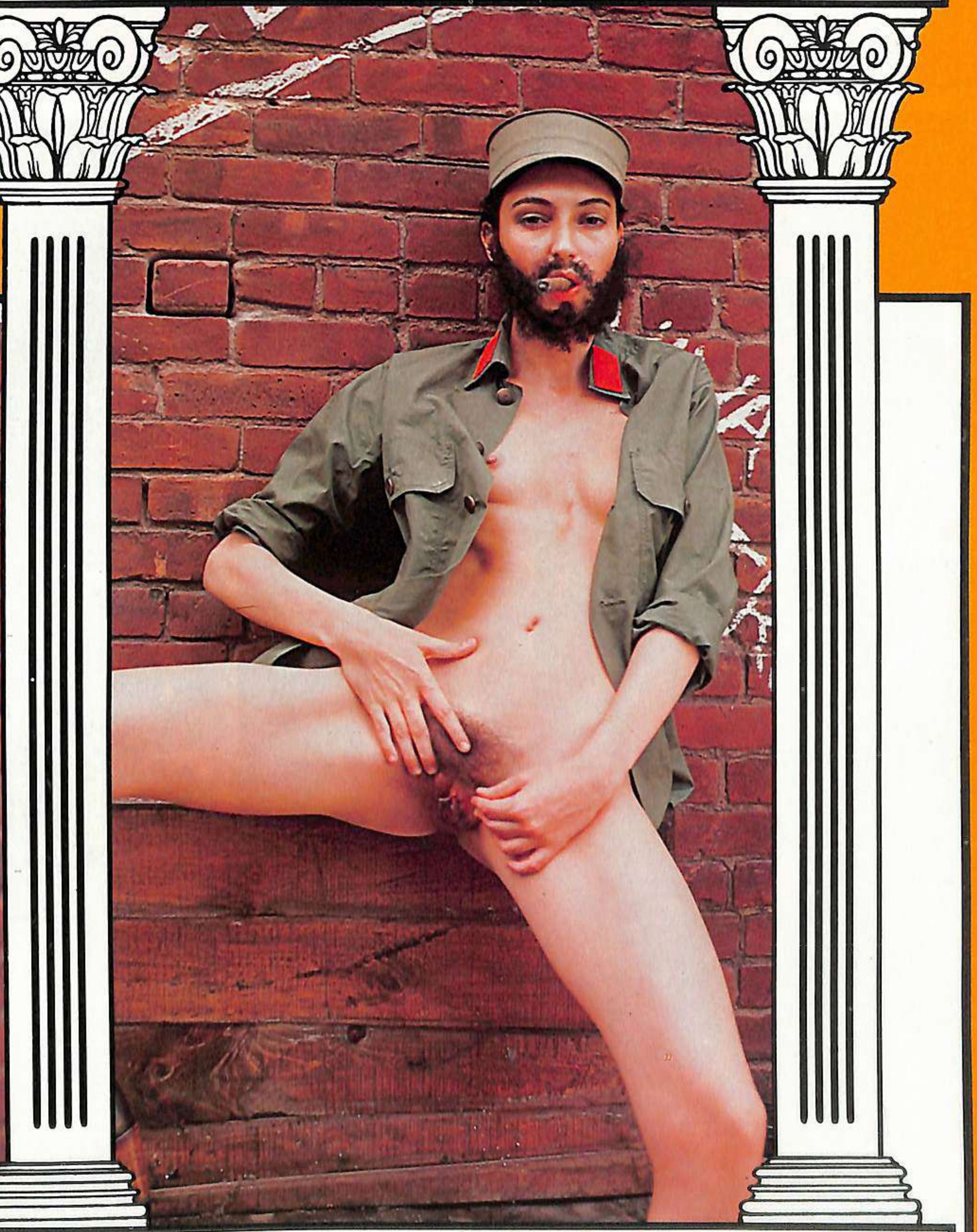
PETER: Has the whole sexploitation scene toughened you up—or just life in general?

MARLENE: I was very hesitant about making hard-core, although I'd done soft-core earlier—I thought





I won't fluff for anyone. I'll only blow a guy if we're in a scene together. My mouth does not come free.



Marlene's first sex oriented role was in the underground pioneer, *Che*. She played, who else?, Fidel Castro.

it was a very dirty business. I didn't want to go to an audition and have some scummy little man put his hands on me—but then, when I got into the business, it was exactly the opposite. The people were the nicest I've ever run across. Listen, I used to go to these uptight agencies for modeling assignments or legitimate casting calls—and the women there were *bitches*, the majority of them. Do this, do that—they'll say anything evil to insult you. But everything's so open in porno—nobody cares. We all help each other and find each other work. It's like a family, really—my sister, the cunts.

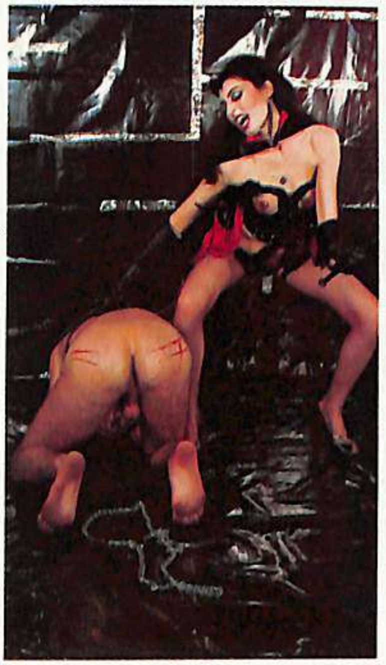
PETER: It's been that way, all along. Tell me about your early films, the soft-core stuff.

MARLENE: Actually the first thing I did was a play, *Che*, with the first off-Broadway nudity.

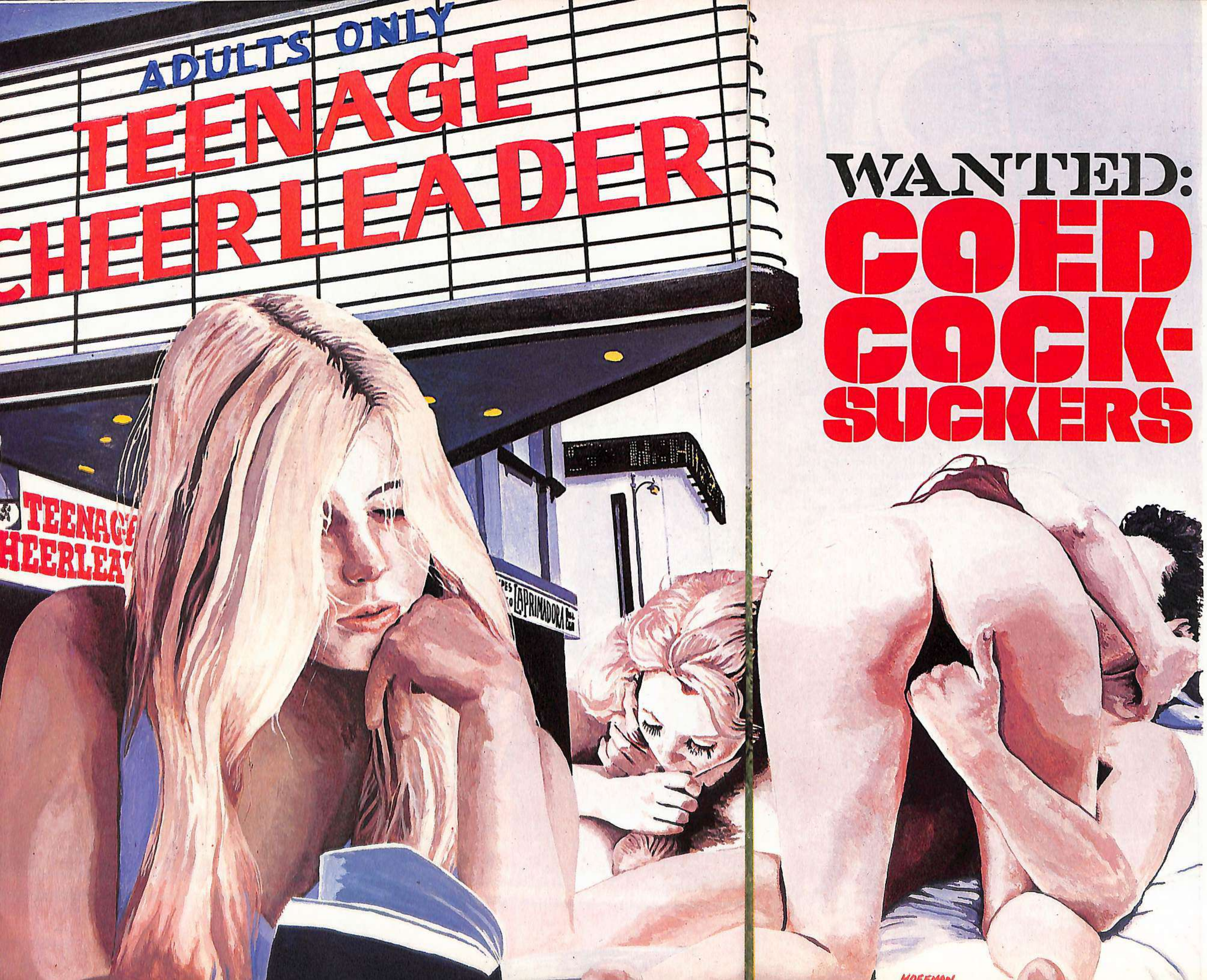
PETER: Did

(Continued on page 77)

Johnny Holmes
wouldn't screw me
because I had
K-Y on. It offended his pride.



As *Dominatrix Without Mercy*, Marlene sexposes her S/M side.



WANTED: COED COCK-SUCKERS

> "During breaks between suck-and-fuck scenes, half the cast was studying for finals."

Teenage Cheerleader is a tender piece of trash full of erotic adolescents having their way with each other from the bookstore to the biz-ed building. In order to recruit properly wayward youths, the producer/directors Richard and Barbara D'Antoni decided to cast right on campus, probably believing all the wild tales they'd heard about Mazola piles in co-ed dorms and S&M frat initiations. Raunch, as we all know, consists of a commercial blend of fantasy and reality, concept and come shot, all fused into an art form termed the fuck film, and this one is a jewel.

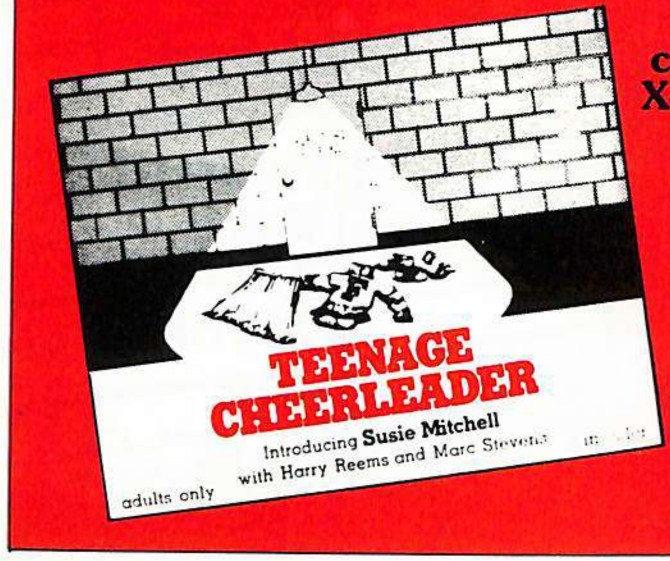
In my curious career as a motion picture critic, I've seen about five hundred of the things, most of them god-awful. What sets "Teenage Cheerleader" apart is its plausible plot, smooth direction and quality camera work—and the girls. They are wonderfully natural, not jaded and scuzzy like the average sex bimbo—which I get to study, warts, cellulite and all, in my job capacity every night. In interviewing Richard and Barbara, I couldn't resist asking them how they avoided so many of the usual porn failings:

ARCHIE: Wherever did you get those gorgeous chicks?

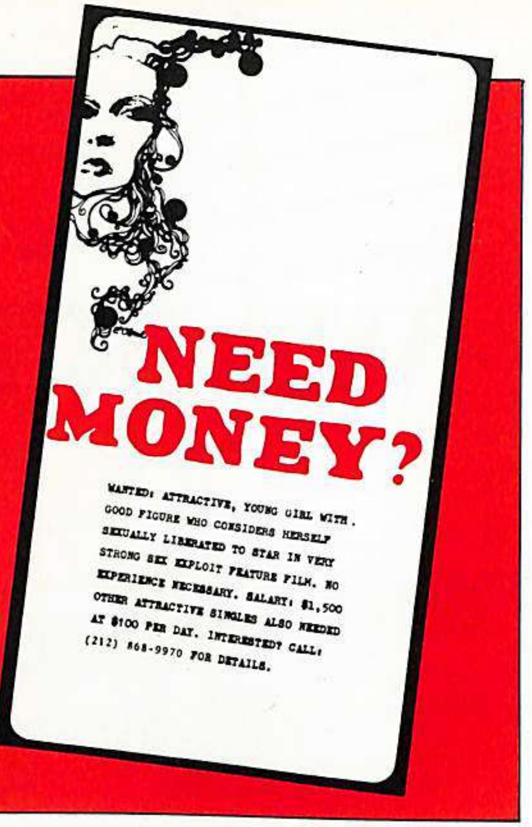
BARBARA: We're both perfectionists—we won't be associated with anything other than a first-rate production. The story takes place on a college

Illustration by Gregg Hoffman

©CK-SUCKERS



Scouting campuses for X-rated talent can be a financially rewarding experience.



NEED MONEY?

WANTED: ATTRACTIVE, YOUNG GIRL WITH. GOOD FIGURE WHO CONSIDERS HERSELF SEXUALLY LIBERATED TO STAR IN VERY STRONG SEX EXPLOIT FEATURE FILM. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. SALARY: $1,500 OTHER ATTRACTIVE SINGLES ALSO NEEDED AT $100 PER DAY. INTERESTED? CALL: (212) 868-9970 FOR DETAILS.

campus, and what would make it more believable than students themselves? We realized that getting fresh, new, young people would not be an easy task—but we figured today's sexually liberated students might make our search a lot easier.

ARCHIE: But how did you get them to come to you? Go around pasting up casting calls, or what?

BARBARA: We advertised in the college newspapers around New York—The Columbia *Spectator*, Barnard *Bulletin*, *Washington Square Journal* (NYU), Queens College *Phoenix*, City College *Observation Post* and the Bernard Baruch paper. The *Village Voice* refused to accept our copy—even though they carry ads for X-rated films, massage parlors and so on. I even staged a sit-in in their office, but they would not capitulate.

I also designed a handbill which was distributed on various campuses. We hired students to hand them out—some were posted on bulletin boards—

ARCHIE: Any resistance to that?

BARBARA: In several cases, we *were* hassled by the campus police. But the response was phenomenal! Hundreds of phone calls, and we set up appointments for interviews. Of the two hundred girls who actually showed up, 90% were interested in working in the film. The ad had spelled out very clearly what was expected of them. And, on the primary telephone interview, I reiterated the requirements for the sex role.

ARCHIE: And how many did you wind up taking?

BARBARA: Ten per cent. And a few of these didn't show up, which is par for the course. And incidentally, we didn't reject *one* girl on the basis of her figure—every single applicant was nicely built.

ARCHIE: Did you do the interviewing personally?

BARBARA: I did. Being a woman, about the same age, I was a person they could relate to immediately. It was much better than having a male voice at the other end of the phone, say, who could be a 'dirty old man.' It made things a lot easier.

ARCHIE: What were the girls after, taking a job like this?

BARBARA: They were definitely in it for the money—that's it.

ARCHIE: What did they know about sex films?

BARBARA: I'd say—not one of them had ever *seen* one before. They asked what they'd be called upon to do—and if they could see the guy they'd be playing opposite. But the leading lady, Susie Mitchell, seemed unconcerned about all this. She was the very last girl to be interviewed. The moment she walked in the door, we both knew she was just what we wanted—a very intelligent, highly sensitive girl with the kind of charisma that will put a film over.

We didn't have to sell her on being in the film—but it turned out she had to sell herself on performing. Being sexually liberated is one thing, and having sex in front of a camera crew is quite another. But she didn't make demands about the scripts, or things she wouldn't do. She was very co-operative.

ARCHIE: But I notice you didn't advertise for single *men* to cast—they were welcome only if they were part of a couple. Don't you think they're just as important as the girls?

BARBARA: I'll answer that—of course. But in the porn business there's one recurring nightmare, and it doesn't go away until the final scene is in the can—male impotence. If a guy can't get it up there's nothing anyone can do. Very frustrating, *(Continued on page 78)*

LOOSE LIPS

Veri's got to have the world's weirdest womb.

Labes so limber she can loop'm and link'm. Eating her is like kissing Dumbo.

LOOSELIPS

LOOSELIPS

Veri's an actress and dancer. Tieing up her twanger in a bow is part of her strip act.

LOOSE LIPS

Veri's knot to be believed! See how smartly she's created a 100% organic chastity belt. Only an Eagle Scout can penetrate this barrier.

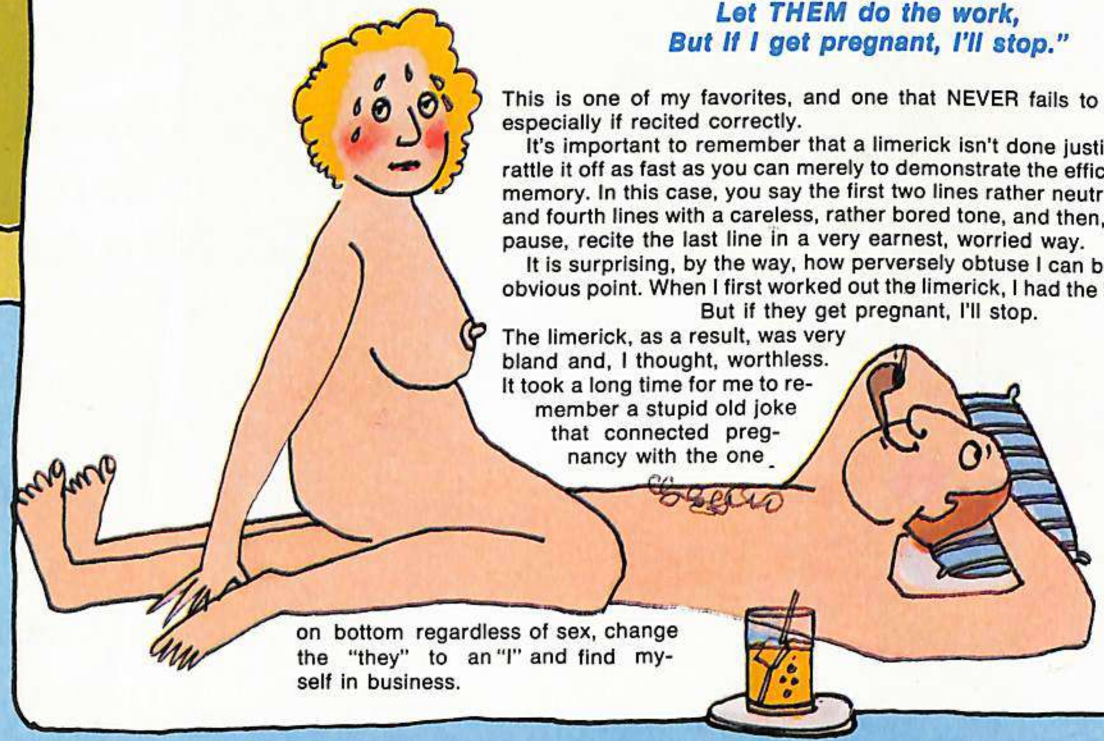
LOOSELIPS

More Lecherous Limericks

By ISAAC ASIMOV

Shutting the Barn Door

There was an effete, lazy fop
Who preferred all his women on top.
He said, "I'm no jerk,
Let THEM do the work,
But if I get pregnant, I'll stop."



This is one of my favorites, and one that NEVER fails to get a laugh, especially if recited correctly.

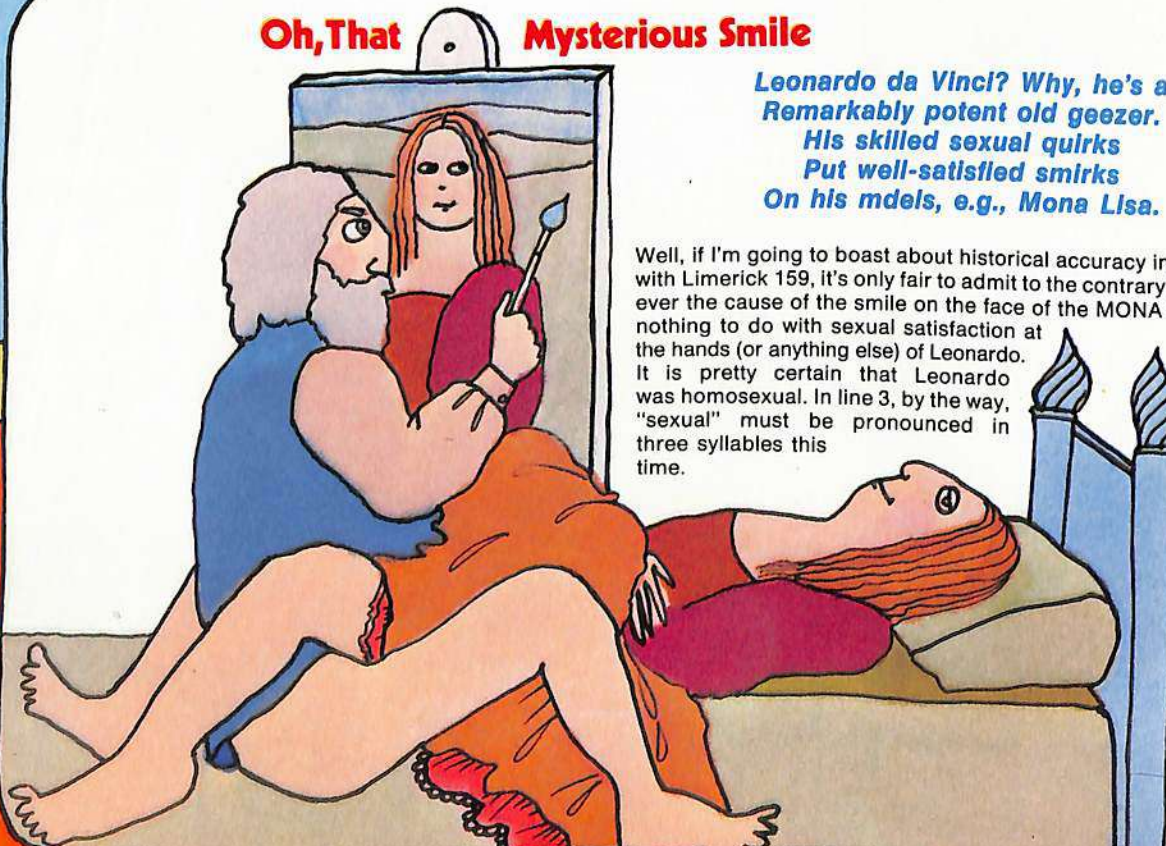
It's important to remember that a limerick isn't done justice if you just rattle it off as fast as you can merely to demonstrate the efficiency of your memory. In this case, you say the first two lines rather neutrally, the third and fourth lines with a careless, rather bored tone, and then, after a slight pause, recite the last line in a very earnest, worried way.

It is surprising, by the way, how perversely obtuse I can be to the most obvious point. When I first worked out the limerick, I had the last line read:

But if they get pregnant, I'll stop.

The limerick, as a result, was very bland and, I thought, worthless. It took a long time for me to remember a stupid old joke that connected pregnancy with the one on bottom regardless of sex, change the "they" to an "I" and find myself in business.

Oh, That Mysterious Smile



Leonardo da Vinci? Why, he's a
Remarkably potent old geezer.
His skilled sexual quirks
Put well-satisfied smirks
On his mdels, e.g., Mona Lisa.

Well, if I'm going to boast about historical accuracy in connection with Limerick 159, it's only fair to admit to the contrary here. Whatever the cause of the smile on the face of the MONA LISA, it had nothing to do with sexual satisfaction at the hands (or anything else) of Leonardo. It is pretty certain that Leonardo was homosexual. In line 3, by the way, "sexual" must be pronounced in three syllables this time.

Excerpted from *More Lecherous Limericks* by Isaac Asimov.
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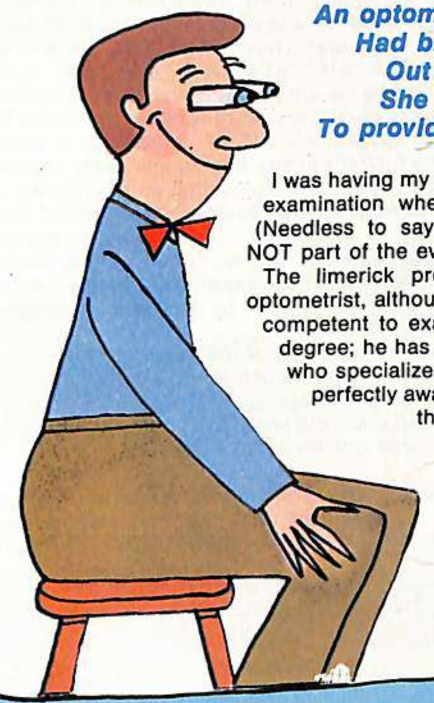
Professional Devotion



An optometrist's nurse (quite a prize),
Had breasts of remarkable size.
Out of duty, though chaste,
She would strip to the waist
To provide quite a sight or sore eyes.

E
AB
FOK
IAMI
OWXA

I was having my eyes subjected to a routine periodic examination when this limerick occurred to me. (Needless to say, alas, mammary exposure was NOT part of the event.)

The limerick presented me with a problem. An optometrist, although a worthy man who may be perfectly competent to examine eyes, does not have a medical degree; he has a degree in optometry. The physician who specializes in eyes is an ophthalmologist. I am perfectly aware of the distinction because my wife, the doctor, had a father who was an ophthalmologist, and she becomes captious at any confusion in this matter.

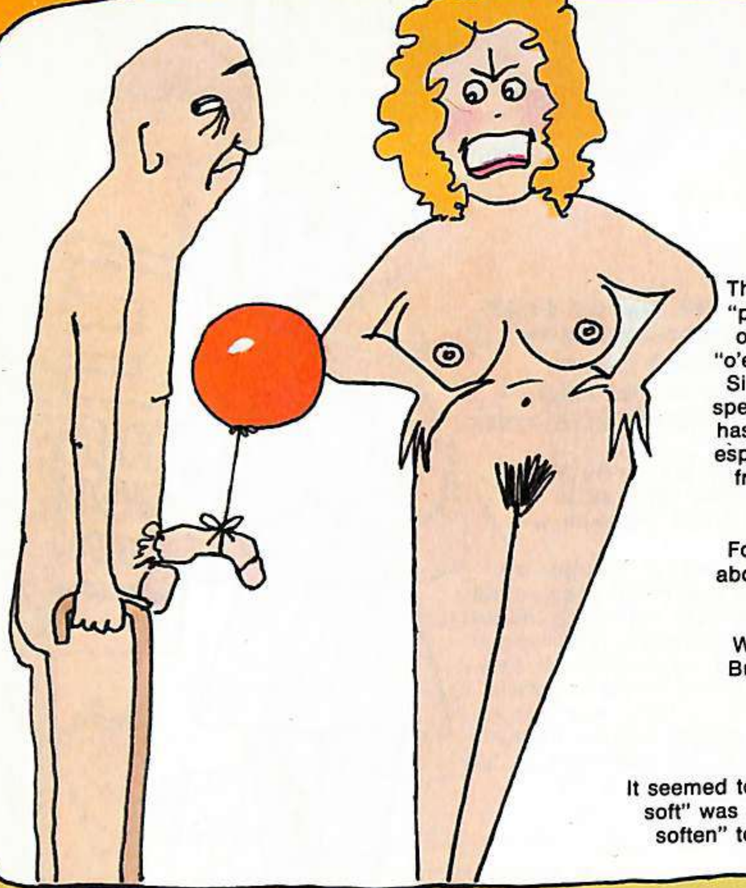
What Was That Again?

A somewhat deaf man of New York,
While dining on roast loin of pork,
Received much belaboring
From the girl who sat neighboring.
She had simply requested a fork.

My tests of this one were not really satisfactory. My people apparently didn't get what a somewhat deaf man might think he had heard when a girl requests a "fork." I kept it anyway, becuase I was anxious to do one on New York, and the rhymes for it, are, unfortunately, limited and not very evocative. This was the best I could do after a number of failures.

More Lecherous Limericks

By Isaac Asimov



Structural Failure

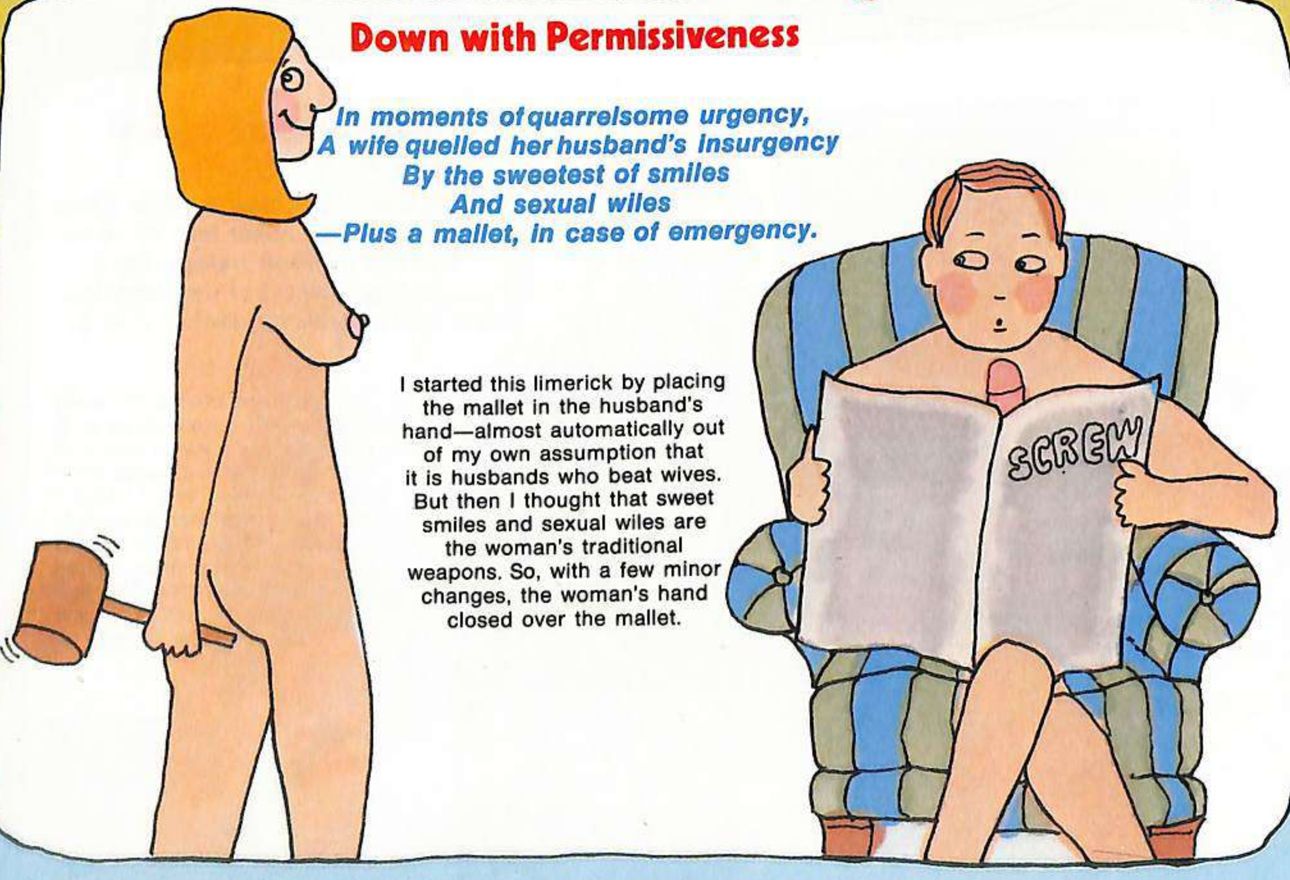
At old age, Wilbur always had scoffed,
But he'd gone to the well much too oft.
To be sure, his intensions
Retained giant dimensions,
But the physical part had gone soft.

There are certain English word forms that are tabbed as "poetic," forms in which a syllable is omitted or elided in order to save the meter. Thus, we get "'tis," "whene'er," "o'er," and "ope" for "it is," "whenever," "over," and "open." Since the elided forms are simply never used in ordinary speech, they have gained a kind of artificial preciosity that has made them increasingly difficult to use even in poetry, especially since modern poetry has, in any case, departed from the rigid rhythm and rhyme that so often made the elisions necessary. It is therefore wise to avoid them, if possible, in limericks.

For this reason, the word "oft" for "often," in the limerick above, occasioned me some uneasiness. I tried to avoid it by the following variation:

Wilbur scoffed at the threat of the coffin,
But he'd gone to the well much too often.
To be sure, his intensions
Retained giant dimensions,
But his physical portion would soften.

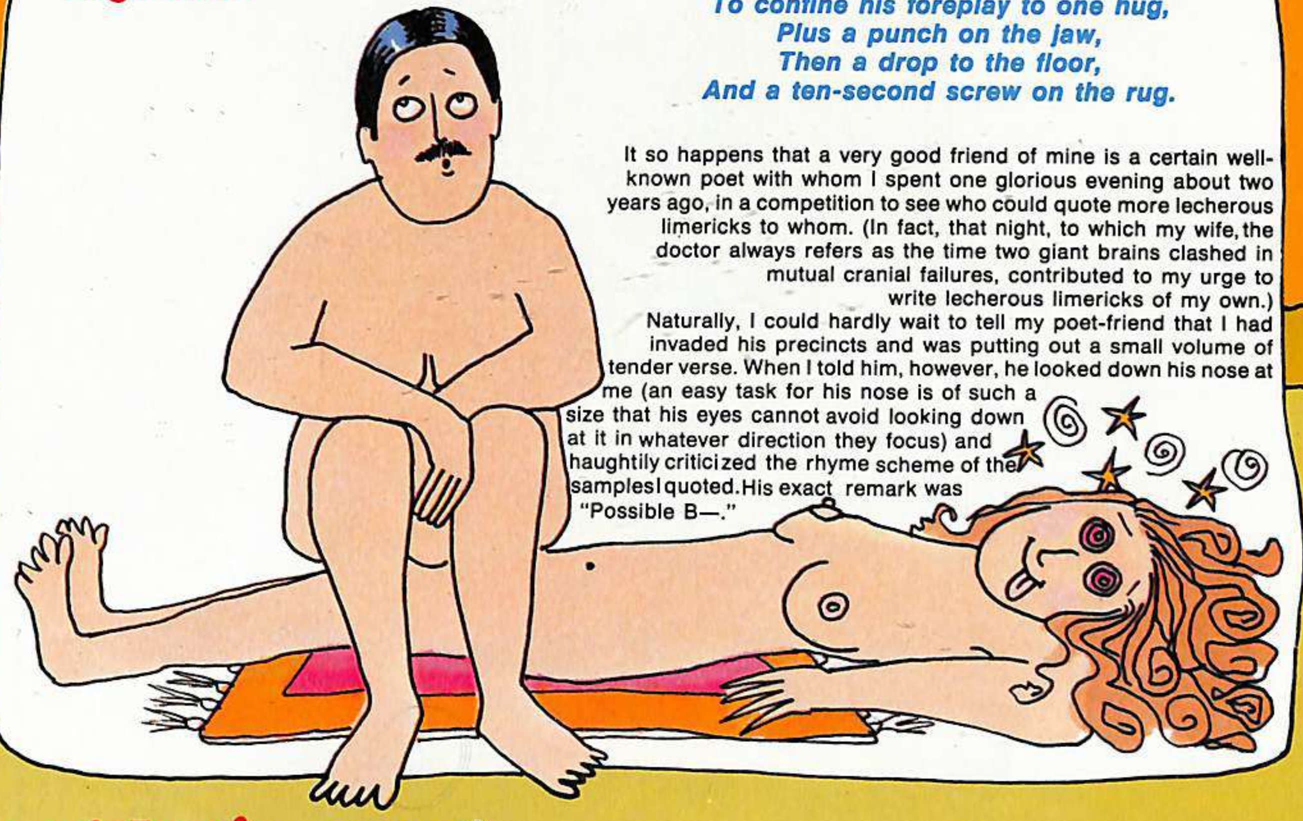
It seemed to me, however, that the picture produced by "had gone soft" was sufficiently more pathetic than that produced by "would soften" to overcome my concern over the artificiality of "oft."



Down with Permissiveness

In moments of quarrelsome urgency,
A wife quelled her husband's insurgency
By the sweetest of smiles
And sexual wiles
—Plus a mallet, in case of emergency.

I started this limerick by placing the mallet in the husband's hand—almost automatically out of my own assumption that it is husbands who beat wives. But then I thought that sweet smiles and sexual wiles are the woman's traditional weapons. So, with a few minor changes, the woman's hand closed over the mallet.

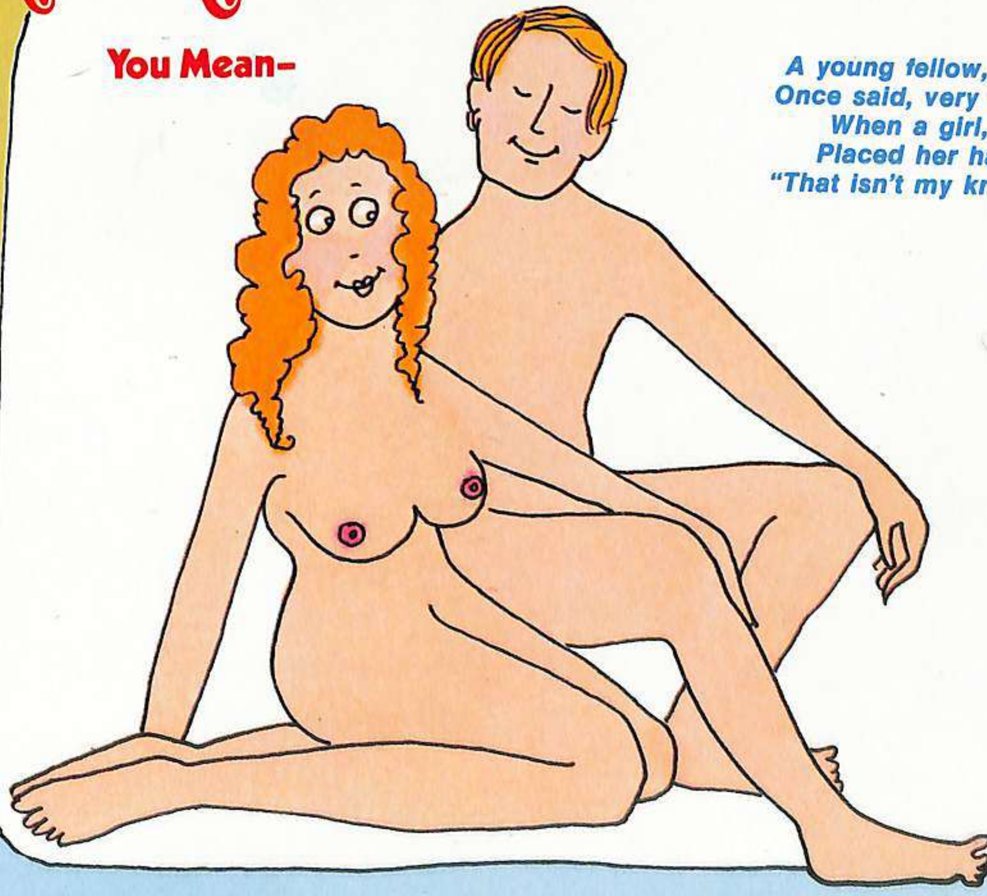


Ungracious

It takes an unprincipled mug
To confine his foreplay to one hug,
Plus a punch on the jaw,
Then a drop to the floor,
And a ten-second screw on the rug.

It so happens that a very good friend of mine is a certain well-known poet with whom I spent one glorious evening about two years ago, in a competition to see who could quote more lecherous limericks to whom. (In fact, that night, to which my wife, the doctor always refers as the time two giant brains clashed in mutual cranial failures, contributed to my urge to write lecherous limericks of my own.)

Naturally, I could hardly wait to tell my poet-friend that I had invaded his precincts and was putting out a small volume of tender verse. When I told him, however, he looked down his nose at me (an easy task for his nose is of such a size that his eyes cannot avoid looking down at it in whatever direction they focus) and haughtily criticized the rhyme scheme of the samples I quoted. His exact remark was "Possible B—."



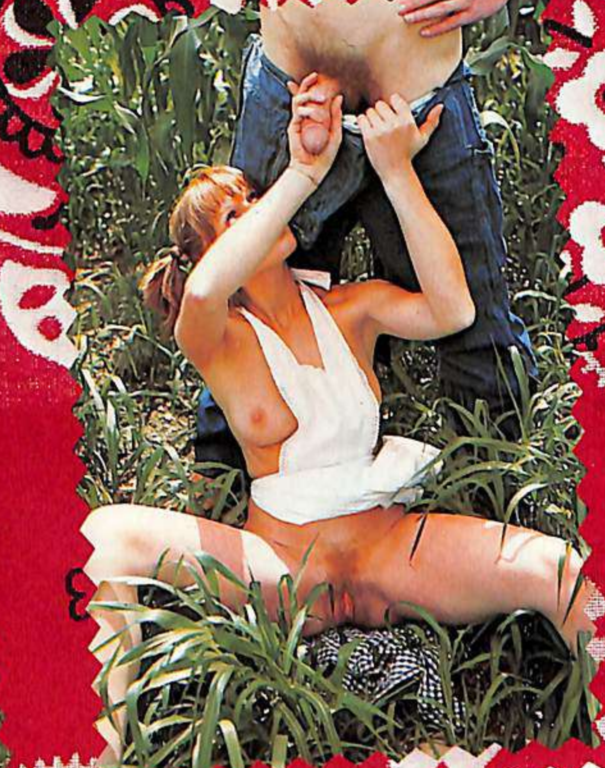
You Mean-

A young fellow, divinely endowed,
Once said, very haughty and proud,
When a girl, much too free,
Placed her hand on his knee,
"That isn't my knee, Miss McCloud."

Ending the limerick with a proper name is something of a cop-out. However, when I recite this limerick, the laughter invariably starts in the middle of the last line and no one ever hears the final name—so I let it stand.

BABY MILK & The Farmer's Son

You've heard the one about the dairyman's daughter? Well, here's one about his son. . . .

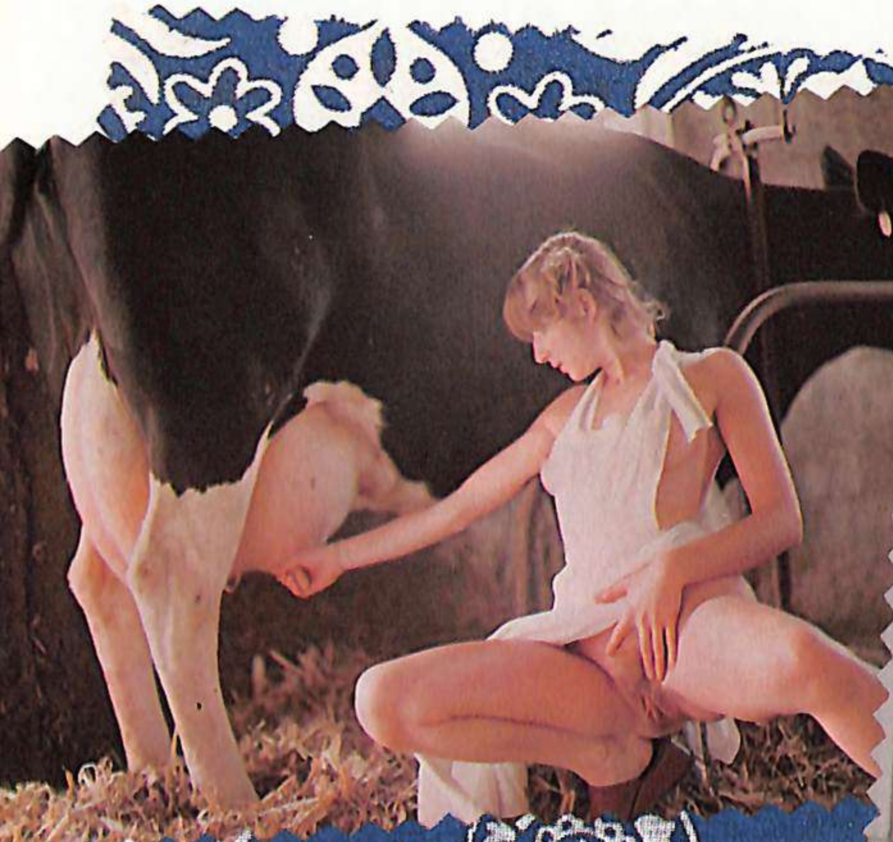


Calvin Cowpie, the John-Boy Walnut of Jerkwater County in Ioway, earned his keep on dad's impressive dairy spread by working the soil and tending to the needs of a wide array of barnyard beasts. By sowing and reaping the plenty that sprouts from Ma Nature's bountiful bosom, Cal had been able to maintain a healthy—if humdrum—stalemate against the insurgencies of hunger, boredom, and horniness.

Up the road apiece, dwelt a piece named LaVerne LaLeche, eldest of the LaLeche daughters, and a maid whose bosom rivalled Mother Earth's when it came to bountifulness and delectability. LaVerne, who had attended collitch in the big city (Lincorn, Nebraskie) was given to pooh-poohing the bucolic banalities amidst which young Cal, thrived.

After all, had she not tasted the wines and wickednesses of downtown Lincorn? Had she not economized her way through eight semesters of Home Eco, saving her pennies and earning an occasional fifty-or-sixty extra dollars kneading her palms in the Two-Tailed Tomcat Body Rub Salon And Organic Growth Center? Had she not known the delights of being plied with Bar-B-Cue steaks and 3.2 beer by free-spending Mort Sci students? Had she not known *the world* beyond Jerkwater and its neighbors: Bull Pizzle Junction, Sheep Dip Rapids, and Horse Pucky Falls? But now, fresh from a breakfast of hot sweetrolls and double-smoked bacon, hanging the sun-smelly wash on the line, she longed only for some home-grown bone and a hung-low slab of man meat.

Babymilk, cumming amongst the corncobs, issues her "sooey" of surrender.

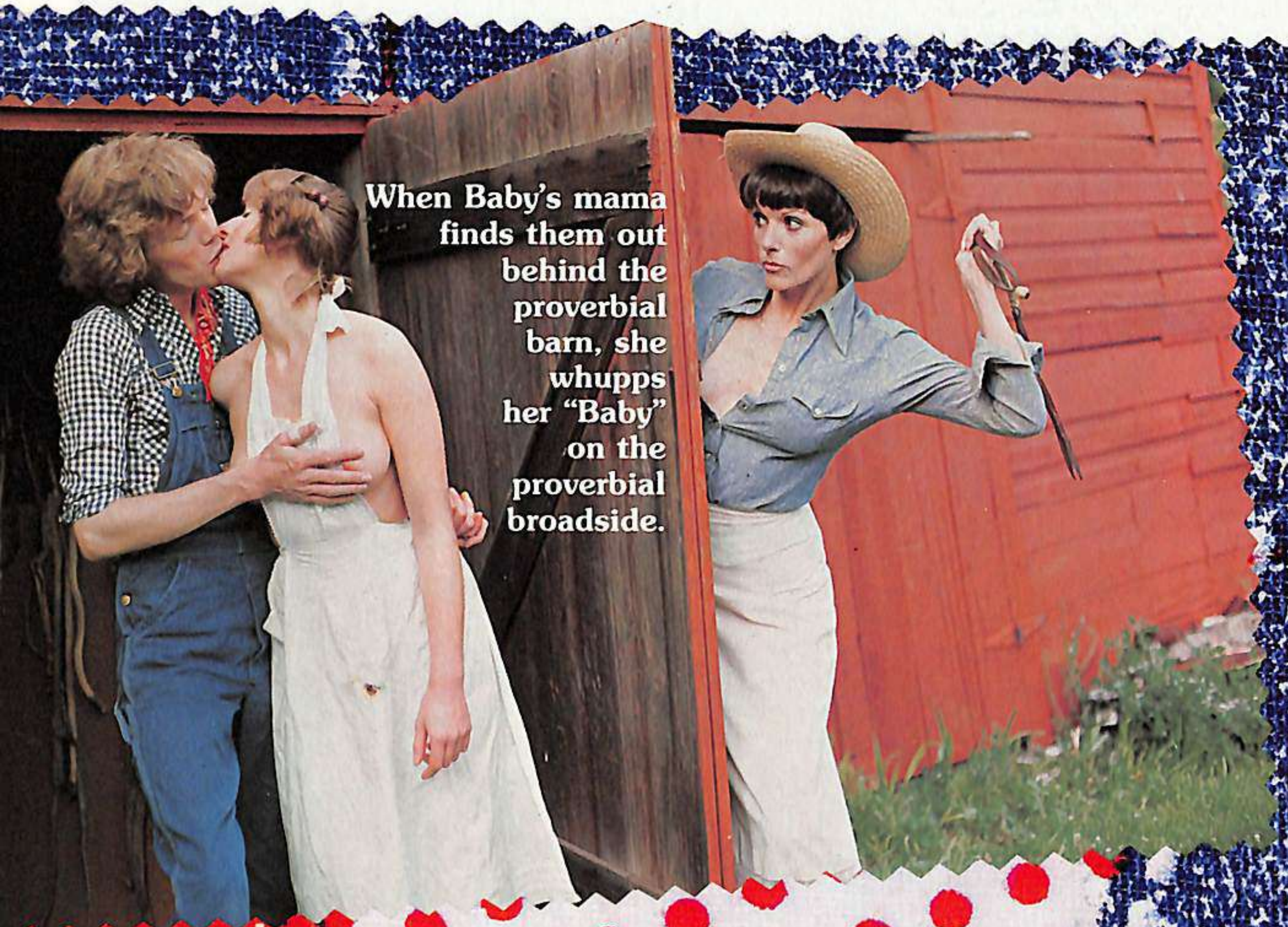


Fucky-sucky on the farm brings recollections of city loving to our Babymilk.

One hot day, Calvin and LaVerne (known, by the by, as Babymilk, for which reasons we shall iminently discover), emboldened by a scorching noonday sun, agreed to copulate amongst the crops. It was a sweaty and lusty under-taking—and they undertook it some six times. For Baby, the experience brought back fond mammaries of her days in the jack-and-whack service at the Tomcat—where staying power like Calvin's was not always the norm. For young Cowpie, it took him back to the days when he was recruited to help stallions get it on.

Getting his nourishment direct from the source, Calvin finds out why they call her "Babymilk"

But it was only after they'd returned barnward from the fields that Calvin was to discover Babymilk's most unusual resource. It seems she was full of nature's good juices as old Bossy. When her teats were attended to, they flowed like fine white wine, flooding Calvin's physiognomy with a cascade of ivory sap. He drank hungrily, of course, being used to drawing his nourishment direct from the source. On the farm, they do things simply.



When Baby's mama finds them out behind the proverbial barn, she whupps her "Baby" on the proverbial broadside.

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Amongst the numerous claims made in this most sensitive field comes an entirely new method, the result of two years research by a world famous Sexologist.

Studies have shown this method to be reliable and safe. While most methods remain closely guarded secrets the Chartham Method has nothing to hide. All the facts are published including actual case histories—a firm testimony to the success of this revolutionary method.

The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by *Dr. Robert Chartham, Ph.D.,* Consultant Editor to Penthouse Forum.

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

Dr. Robert Chartham Ph.D. is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement — the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. 'The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next used these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then tested his method with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23 year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest.''

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is $39.95, includes postage and handling. Available only thru the mail.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

If no results are achieved after carrying out the Chartham Method as directed a full refund will be made on its return to us.

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ORANGE BLOSSOM

(Continued from page 16)

Milner: But now you realize that the girls on the street are from the lower classes, and they can't really get it together?

Blossom: Yes, and I see a lot of wisdom and charm and just plain beautifulness in these girls, and I want to say to the rest of the women like me who've got their money, that this movement is not going to get organized on the street. It's up to some of us who are in a better position to come forward and lend our support. We don't get hassled, but we could. We are in a position where we don't have to give up our disguises and our image. We don't have to blow it because nobody really knows what we are doing. But when the roof comes off, we really could get hassled, and it's going to be just as bad for us as for our sisters on the street.

This convention has really brought to my mind the fact that when we stand up and talk about being women, we have to go out and do this in order to live the same way the men are doing. Say, for instance, I worked for a man who was in the hierarchy of the oil business. He has an Arab come in, he has a Frenchman come in, and the whole plateau is already established. I don't have any hassle over money, I don't have to handle any difficult or paranoid situation. Now in that kind of category, I don't really want my market disturbed by the "little nothings on the street." I am part of big business . . .

Milner: In other words, you are in the Corporate Morale Department . . .

Blossom: Oh, very good (laughs), yeah. Or I am in the contract department. I've probably gotten more contracts signed for my boss than he ever initiated.

Milner: You are a good closer?

Blossom: An *exceptionally* good closer.

Milner: Is that because you are a good opener?

Blossom: (laughs) Right, but I never did get the percentage off those contracts that he did. That is the thing I'm becoming aware of. That's why when I see these girls on the street . . . I mean, you have to understand that I never realized that anybody did *anything* for less than $100. I get paid $50 just to go to *dinner* with these guys, even if they never touch me.

Milner: Well, you know there are girls who would sooner fuck a guy and get him off and get the money than make small talk at dinner. I've interviewed girls who think that being charming and entertaining at dinner with someone you're not interested in is too tough, even for money.

Blossom: Different strokes for different folks. I guess it all depends on what you consider a hassle. Nobody likes a hassle. It's the hassle I couldn't handle if I worked the streets. The thing that I realize now, is that it's really *okay* if a girl would rather work the street. If she would rather be out there, then give her the option, you know. Get as much of the hassle out of it as possible, because there will still be plenty for her to deal with out there. If the street is where she wants to be and she doesn't want to deal with dinner chatter, then she should be able to do that without being chased down alleys. And if a good house is where she wants to be, then let her do that. She shouldn't have to hassle a house run by a man who is going to take 50% or more of her wages. Or if she wants the class of doing it in the corporate structure, any one of thse structures are *option*, not a deprivation, not a forced situation.

Milner: Have you had any experience in Washington?

Blossom: No, I don't have any experience on the East Coast at all.

Milner: Any experiences with politicians?

Blossom: With politicians on the West Coast, yes.

Milner: Today we heard a couple of psychologists present their theory that most politicians are into kinky sex involving power trips. Is that true in your experience?

Oh yes, very much so. The more power they have, the more political image they have, the more involved they are. They like the bind-me-down-and-seduce-me kind of thing. And a lot of them go for dominance and bondage and humiliation. Because of my status, that was a natural for me—dealing with the very, very powerful men in the coporate structure. Powerful men who were five foot two were turned on by walking into a public place with this enormous Amazon, and by the time we got around to going to bed they were fit to be tied—so to speak.

Milner: What did you think of these guys? When you saw a rich, powerful man who wanted to be dominated or humiliated, did you feel this is a chance to go on a power trip of your own? Or did you feel it was play acting?

Blossom: I am a frustrated theatrical actress, you know. A lot of it is play-acting.

Milner: Why frustrated? You seem to be very successful at it.

Blossom: I never made it on the stage, but I have written, directed, and starred in quite a few scenarios. It's not the legitimate stage, but it's an act. I get a charge out of being able to be two different people. I had certain clients in the area I was in that were furnished to me regularly every two or three months. During the day I was dressed in my very businesslike suit with my hair done up in a librarian's bun.

There are certain hotels with dinner clubs adjacent to them that cater to the ladies of the evening. Only very high-class ladies, you understand. They don't cater to those "nasty little streetwalkers." And you tell your john "This is the place to meet me," and you have already made arrangements with the innkeeper—we get the rooms at a cheaper rate. You have an unlisted number that he calls you at, and you meet. He buys you dinner, and then he takes you back into the room that you've already made arrangements for.

Milner: I'm sure that in some of these situations you have developed a tremendous confidence that maybe most women never get, because they never have to test their limits or range to that extent.

Blossom: Which is a good experience, don't you think? Men have to be exposed to that all their working lives. I don't think women are given the opportunity. They think you can throw a gal out on her own, and she's only been trained for one role.

That's why I am so fascinated with street women. I can't walk down the street right now with the same confidence that I saw in the sisters at this convention. You know, you talk about my range of experience and my ability to handle situations. But I can't handle the street like they do. Nothing throws them. Suppose my client is down the street from this restaurant and I get out and I am walking. I am nervous already. What'll I do if some dude on the street walks up to me, because obviously I am dressed for the Hooker's Ball.

Milner: You don't look like a hooker to me.

Blossom: I don't? Damn! I put on my best hooker makeup and everything. You think I could get by at a political convention tonight?

Milner: You could get by in any straight gathering you wanted to. And speaking of conventions, what do you think of New York City cleaning up the streets in time for the Democratic Convention?

Blossom: It will only affect the poor girls, the black girls, and the working men who come to pay their twenty dollars. Certainly it won't affect the politicians who are going to get their hundred dollar call girls without ever leaving their hotels.

But the most fun is that you take off that business suit. You let your hair down and you put on a slinky halter pantssuit that pushes your boobs way up in front and you walk through that place to meet a specific man who's going to lay three or four hundred bucks in your hand before he even starts talking to you. That's a power trip right *there*.

As you walk in, there will be three or four other guys who may know this man locally, who are going to say to him, "Now, who was that?" Now, either he can have his own power trip and he can say, "No, that's my private thing, never mind." Or, one of the things you hope for, if he is a good enough client, he will choose one guy out of those three or four that are turned on. And he'll say, "Well, she is a dynamite lady, but she is going to cost you." And he is going to tell them that you cost more than you charge him, because that is a power trip for him. And the other guys are going to say, "Wow, you can afford *that* much?" So the whole trip just keeps building up.

Milner: Are some of these executive types into heavy dominance?

Blossom: Oh yes.

Milner: Did you do that?

Blossom: I can play most of their games, but I don't like a lot of sado-masochistic bullshit, and I won't get into it.

Milner: Looking into your eyes as we sit here so close together, I think I see a very warm, loving person.

Blossom: I am a maternal type. I have an overly active mother image.

Milner: I am just wondering if someone like you could really act the part of a dominant bitch.

Blossom: I can snap into any role sufficiently. Except, as I said, a very heavy sadist or masochist role. I had *The Story of O* in my house for six months before I could really get into

(Continued on page 70)

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ORANGE BLOSSOM

(Continued from page 68)

reading it. When I finally finished I was overwhelmed with passion for the woman, that she could get so far into it out of devotion to the man. But I really could never get my head in that place.

As far as being strong, bitchy, and dominant, I can really get into that. I can look at some little shrimp and say, "My mother grew me tall so I don't have to put up with short men." But I can also be totally submissive and subservient to a man, anticipating his every want and need.

Milner: My range of action is not that great. How many people *are* you?

Blossom: I know people who know me only as the world's greatest super mom. They know me only in association with a group of little children that I raised. They only know me in that image.

There are others who know me only as an intellectual who goes to Esalen and who is involved in very heady trips. Then there are others who only know me as the tall redhead who walks in and says, "Rub my palm and I will rub a part of you." Whatever the market will bear.

We learned a long time ago that we had to adapt to be successful women. And if I want to deal with women who are successful, I put on my suit and go out into the straight world to project that image.

I got a job in an accounting firm. I decided to go up there for an interview, and I found that the person who was doing the hiring was a woman. I went in a skirt and black stockings and my hair piled on top of my head, and she said, "well, do you think you can type and handle this sort of thing?" I was straight and businesslike. I said, "I'm sure I can, I'm sure I can handle it." So it's not just men that you have to act for. You have to be able to put the whole category across. If you want to make money you have to be able to impress them.

Milner: I've watched them sweep. The cops walk here, the girls walk there. The girls play hide and seek with the cops all night.

Blossom: Well, until a few weeks ago I had no affinity for that sort of thing. I had no serious thought about the girls' right to be on the street. I thought, "Serves those girls right for being out there."

But who does the street belong to? I would like to give these girls an opportunity to have the education I've had, to give them a chance to be indepedendent and get off the street if they wanted to. But if they want to be out there and deal with that situation, why should they be treated like dirt? Who owns the streets anyway? The mayor? The merchants? The police?

Milner: Would you recommend hooking as a profession?

Blossom: Definitely.

Milner: Do you feel it is degrading?

Blossom: No, not at all.

Milner: Do you feel the only reason women get into it is that they are forced into it?

Blossom: No.

Milner: Do you find there are women who like it and enjoy it?

Blossom: Definitely. I think it's an option that women should have. Because there is more money available with less hours than most shit jobs. If they would just take the hassle away from it. That fear of being busted. Of being illegitimate and unprotected. Is it really necessary?

Milner: Let's get married and fly to San Francisco.

Blossom: Let's fly to San Francisco. Never mind getting married.

Milner: You don't believe, then, that women are oppressed?

Blossom: The woman is not oppressed if she's got it together. I'm saying *I* am not oppressed. Those women on the street don't *know* they are not oppressed, and as long as they don't know that, then they continue to *be* oppressed. What we are all about right here at this convention is trying to let them know there are those among us —sisters, men, whatever—who want to say "you don't have to be oppressed."

If you really want to get into it, I believe in women's superiority, not women's equality. Ashley Montague, years and years ago wrote a book which is my bible, "The Natural Superiority of Women." And I have that book in hard cover underlined in green ink, where the whole theory is.

Woman lives longer than man, she is stronger than man emotionally, and she can run the show if she knows how to use what she's got. A woman who has it together can get anything she wants out of life. The truth is, I never wanted to lower myself to mere equality. •

Prosty Power

(Continued from page 19)

deliver us into politics/ For there is the power/ And the glory/ And the money/ Forever/ A-women."

Dr. Hilton gave his economic analysis of prostitution. He estimated that there are 250,000 prostitutes in the country generating gross revenues of around eight *billion* dollars—larger than all other major league sports.

He noted that "call girls are already functioning as paraprofessional sexual therapists". Comparing the flourishing illegal market of hooker's services with the ban on alcohol during prohibition, he noted that the cost to society is greater than if the market were decriminalized. "Society did not give up the prohibitions on alcohol or abortions because of a moral judgement that they were good, but because the consequences of prohibition—including infringments of civil liberties—were more undesirable."

Feminist philosopher Ti-Grace Atkinson, herself an ex-hooker, exhorted the Women's Movement to reach out to prostitutes. "They must be included if you are serious about changing the sexist oppression of women," she said. Ti-Grace spoke of the high cost to society of prosecuting these women. (In Seattle, for example, one study found it cost the taxpayer $1560 for each prostitute arrested and brought to court.)

After lunch there was a raucus caucus at which Margo introduced many of her co-workers, including former madames, a former prostitute from Nevada's Mustang Ranch, various feminists, organizers, and supporters, and a pretty young woman with the improbable name of Lottie Dah.

Drs. Sam Janus and Barbara Bess, a shrink-and-psychologist research team, reported on a study they made of prostitutes' customers. According to their findings, more than 60% of politicians are regular and habitual customers of prostitutes. Moreover, only about 25% of them go in for normal heterosexual fucking. Most of the politicos, according to the hundreds of prostitutes interviewed, wanted domination, bondage, flagellation, and humiliation.

Next it was Florynce Kennedy's turn to give 'em hell. "What's all the fuss about women who administer to people's bodies and their secretions?" she asked. "Nurses take money to carry people's shit and piss in shallow pans, and that's respectable. Women sell their minds and bodies in factories and offices and that's respectable. The lower your price, the more respectable you get. The admitted prostitute charges more, and she is the only honest woman left in America."

Someone raised the issue of "cleaning up the cities" and getting the girls off the streets. Ms. Kennedy was up to the challenge. "Are some people offended by a Black girl making her living on the corner? Well, it offends me to see a church spire on a street corner, but nobody asked me. Why can't they practice religion in private and keep it off the streets? It offends me to see a richly ornamented building with imported stained glass when I know there are people in the ghettos who are living on dog food."

Two local street girls showed up and wowed the crowd with their cool unflappability. They said they liked working the streets and didn't want to be cooped up in a house working for a boss. They like the freedom of being independent and didn't want the overhead of maintaining phones and luxury apartments. When asked by members of the audience about their goals in life, the girls agreed they both wanted "a nice house in the suburbs". Their bourgeois goals of having a little piece of the American dream shocked some of the radical feminists who had romantic visions of the street girls as rebels and revolutionaries.

Margo moved about gracefully in a white suit, charming the audience, which prompted one woman to remark, "she looks like a virgin." When the crowd began to turn against several vice cops who revealed their presence, Margo cooled them out with elan. "We must have the vice cops here," she said. "We cannot hope to bring about real change unless we try to bring lawmakers and law enforcers into the dialogue."

But although she encouraged their participation in the dialogue, Margo made it clear

(Continued on page 98)

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KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 25)

is answered by the manager or model in a professional manner, like any business.

What kind of modeling studio is the Blue Orchid? It is primarily a nude, or cheesecake, photography studio, although some customers come to sketch the models. The customer pays $16.00 for 30 minutes or $27 for an hour. For two models, at the same time, it costs $50 an hour. For extra-special poses, a high tip is expected (i.e., all nude beaver shot.) Everything takes place on the premises. There allegedly isn't any sex, just a voyeur's dream. The girls are well-protected by a hidden buzzer if a man becomes too pushy, and each room is bugged as well. This is to protect the girl and the place. At one time a customer could get more than photographs for a nice tip, but the police put a stop to that. And they don't let down. They keep a watchful eye on the place.

As the Blue Orchid gained in fame, the city was forced to toughen requirements for the models, to appease those hardcore Bible Belters. The models have to go through four days of tests, including T.B., blood, and V.D. They also must have an "intent to hire" application and a card from the liquor control office. The police check for any convictions. If a model has had any, she is rejected by the law to work at the Blue Orchid. Although she has to have a liquor control card, booze is not sold, nor served, on the premises.

As a result of the Blue Orchid's phenomenal success over the years, many competitors have sprung up. The number one competitor is probably The Model Shop, located at 20th and Main Street. The Model Shop goes so far as to park cars outside The Blue Orchid and attempt to "steal" customers by calling to potential customers, giving them business cards, and telling the men that they do a lot more than the Blue Orchid models do. If the customers seem hešitant, they'll offer a 40 per cent discount, and charge ten dollars a half hour. They mark the cards 40 per cent off, and that, finally, influences some of the customers to go down the street.

The Blue Orchid has become a landmark, and, although its glory days may be over, it will live on in memories long after the last model has posed.

I, KIM POPE

(Continued from page 23)

Yours was the first letter I read. I read all my mail and try to answer everyone.

Since you expressed an interest in film and the photos you sent were excellent, I have a unique idea. Let's get together! The film industry is always looking for new faces and I have lots of contacts. I have spoken to the editors of *Cheri* and persuaded them to help me get you started. I would like to meet with you both, and then have our staff photographer shoot the three of us together. The photos would then appear in *Cheri* along with a story about you both. Who knows—we just might find each other enjoyable in every way. This would be my way of saying thanks to at least two of my fans and of expressing my gratitude for all the wonderful letters I've received.

Please let me know at once as I do have a deadline to meet and we must get together soon. Drop me a note in care of *Cheri* saying "YES." . . .

Love and affection,
Kim

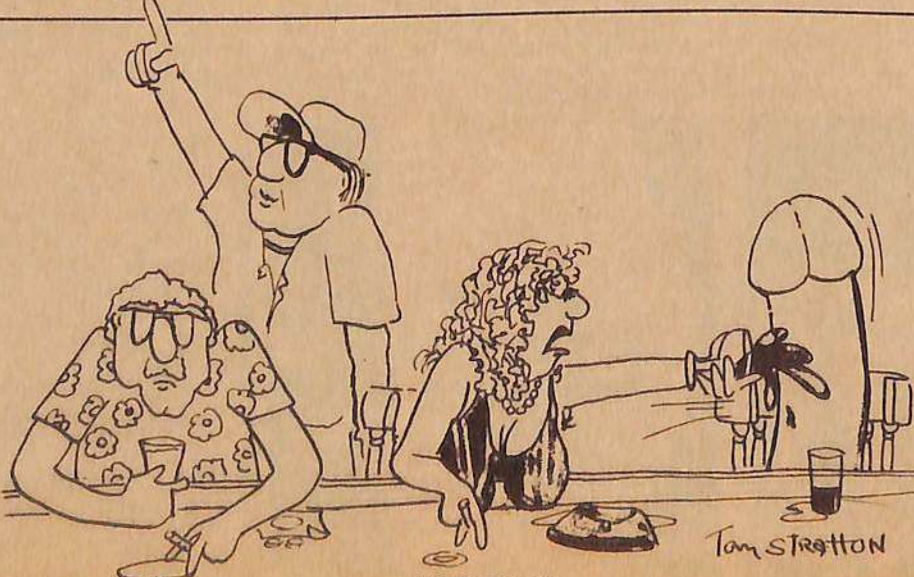
Well, unfortunately, Galen and Ailene turned out to be all talk and no action. After several frantic phone calls, they finally admitted that they had not really expected an answer and were, in fact, afraid to appear in a nationally-distributed magazine. We were all crushed.

But we haven't given up. Somewhere out there must be a liberated young couple or even a single guy or gal who'd like to spend a few hours with an experienced, talented, enthusiastic movie star and then, afterwards, be photographed with her for a *Cheri* layout.

I promise soft lights, sensitive photography, and complete compliance to your every whim. You can do what you want with me—and *you* can pose the pictures. We here at *Cheri* would like to show the world that we do care about the folks who support us and want to help them see their dreams cum true.

If you have seen a film of mine, write and tell me which one, (or if you have seen many, which one you enjoyed the most) and what you liked about it. Also send a snapshot of yourself so we will know what you look like. We are not going to choose on physical appearance but on the letter you write, so don't be shy. The fan who seems the most interesting will be invited down to *Cheri*.

We're a fun family here at *Cheri*. We are honest, sometimes shocking, sometimes even gross, but we are *real* and we are fulfilling a seemingly real need. If we are ever to outgrow our past heritage of embarrassed no-no's and secret gropings, maybe we have to pull out all the stops for a while and run full throttle. Then and only then will we be able to grow and mature into the finally matured creatures we were meant to be. We are groping for the way and we will make it—all of us—together. And we don't want you to feel we are doing it alone. So send in your letters and your photos and let us include you in our voyage. Come on, don't be shy, wouldn't you like to point to your bare little bum on the pages of *Cheri* and tell your friends you're not afraid to put your ass on the line. Send your letters to me at CHERI, 208 E. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. Love and kisses, Kim.



"PRICK!"

(Continued from page 13)

"I beg you to let me enter your contest. . . ."

contest lastiong three days I can say that I would not give out.

It is really fuck sucking dicks or, as some people call it, giving head.

I'm the best and never had a complaint yet.

This is going to be an essay of a few words. I say less and no more.

You can count on me to win that contest if you let me enter. Let me be in your contest, I beg of you.

My mouth is your best friend. And I don't use it for talking.

J.W.A.
Bowling Green, Ky.

DREAMSUCK 1A

She had decided one night to repay me for helping her out of a difficult situation. Without any warning, she unzipped me while we were watching the *Tonight Show*, and, before I could react, she was licking my balls as she gently stroked my cock. The stroking between her two fingers was identical with the manner in which she held her 100mm cigarette. My erection came fast and without missing a beat, she switched to stroking my balls and licking my joystick the way one would seal an envelope. This only proceeded to make me as hard as granite, and then, success went to her head, along with my head. She sucked me like a vacuum cleaner for at least half an hour, and when I begged for relief, she indicated to me to fuck her in the mouth, and I came half in pain and half in ecstasy.

"She unzipped me, without warning, as we watched Johnny Carson. . . ."

Afterwards, she licked me clean.

R.D.
Rego Park, N.Y.

DREAMSUCK 2A

Lowering her head to my throbbing tool, my asshole was tickled as her cascading hair caressed my aching balls. Pushing my taut foreskin even tighter, she ever-so-slowly swallowed my head washing me with her saliva. Swirling her tongue with so slight a pressure, her mouth opened wide to receive more of me. Her soft lips and warm mouth consumed me. Gently moving up and down, her little-girl's mouth sucked for the boiling cum that was rising from my balls. Increasing the tempo, our rhythm and organs became as one. Prodding fingers cupped my balls, coaxing them to give her what she desired. Feeling me stiffen, prick and mouth moved with blinding speed as my fingers clutched for the bed. She closed her mouth into a tight circle, and, in an instant, I gushed my load as she thirstily drank.

"I gushed my load as she thirstily drank. . . ."

R.H.
Rutherford, N.J.

DREAMSUCK 3A

My dreamsuck is with a young chick with little or no pubic hair. We screw, and as soon as I come, and my cock and her cunt are soaked, we move to a '69' position with me on the bottom. I eat her all the time she is sucking my cock.

First she starts with her lips closed as her mouth goes over the head of my cock until she takes it all in. On the way up, her tongue circles the head of my cock, as she makes sucking sounds.

"My dreamsuck is a young chick with no pubic hair. . . ."

Then the pace gets faster, with more up and down motion. As she sees the juices running down my cock and balls to my ass, she starts to lick, first my ass and my balls, then up the side of my cock. Finally, she sucks faster and faster, up and down with her wet lips. All this time, she is fucking my tongue.

As I shoot my quart of cum, she goes to the head of my cock and sucks hard while jerking me off. After we finish, we screw some more, and start again and again.

H.L.S.
Memphis, Tenn.

DREAMSUCK 4A

I love anal intercourse, and also sucking and eating girls' assholes, which isn't possible to do all at once. If I could find a girl with an anus-mouth, her back door would be free to bury my face in.

Therefore, my dream suck is a girl with an anus-mouth; a girl who puses her mouth like a rectum, while doing 69 or 690 (the zero standing for her asshole, which I'd rim).

A gal can give a guy a blow job in two ways, fellatio and irrumation. Fellatio is when she sucks his cock like a lollypop, and irrumation is when the dude uses her mouth like a vagina, pumping into it.

But I've yet to meet the gal who pouts like a rectum-sphincter. The buccal-asshole of the future is my dream suck at present. Some day there'll be a woman who can put her ss where her mouth is.

"My dreamsuck is a girl with an anus-mouth. . . ."

M.F.
New York City

DREAMSUCK 5A

I would love to enter your Dreamsuck Contest, but my wife would kill me. She doesn't know that I'm writing this. She would be a runaway winner, though. Next to me, she is the best cocksucker in the world and we have many male friends who would vouch for the talents of us both. When we finish with a guy, his eyeballs are crossed. We like to work as a team if there is only one other guy with us, but usually there are two or more for us to suck. We both prefer a nice, thick, long cock, but any cock will do as long as it can get hard.

"Next to me, my wife is the best cocksucker in the world. . . ."

One of our current friends has a beauty, 10"x6½". Another nice thing about him is that he likes to climax at least four times per session. I got him off a fifth time once, but it took about forty-five minutes of some pretty fancy sucking, licking, and blowing; guys tell me it feels good to blow on the wet head and shaft a few times during a good suck. The wife also learned from me how to hum a few times, especially when deep-throating or sucking a testicle. The wife also has a fantastic cunt, but that is another story.

Another lucky thing is that we both love the taste of cum. We can both identify our lovers just from the taste of their cum. Believe me when I say no cum goes to waste around our place. Even if the guy comes in the wife's juicy cunt, I suck it out.

By the way, we have been happily married for 22 years. Maybe the man and wife who suck together stay together.

D.J.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

DREAMSUCK 6A

I had never known the joys of face fucking until I met Sally. No woman before her had ever wanted to completely satisfy my need to come in their mouths.

Sally went down on me on our very first meeting. It's something that I shall never forget. Her moist warm tongue was stroking my prick back and forth, up and down. Taking the tip of my prick in her mouth and biting down with ever-increasing pressure was almost more than I could bear. Then, slowly at first, she started to take more and more of me into her mouth, until finally she had my whole prick stuffed completely down her throat. Finally, she was bobbing her head up and down, lighting biting the head of my prick and then thrusting her face down the whole shaft until I exploded come and more come.

"I had never known the joys of face-fucking until I met her. . . ."

H.C.
New Milford, N.J.

SWING SHIFT

(Continued from page 30)

liven up our marriage by turning us on to new positions, new games. And they turn us on to each other. And that is how we feel a marriage should be. Posessiveness wouldn't have got either of us very far. It would only have made our lives together dull.

We had a lot of fun when we discovered how we both felt about sex. It was a relief to be able to behave naturally once more. But the one thing that we had never got into was swinging. We had all sorts of preconceived ideas about swinging and they got in the way. And we had one brief encounter with some of the people in that set who really turned us off. If I tell you about it you'll understand, I'm sure.

Suzanne and I have both worked in porn films. (One of the benefits of feeling secure about each other is that we can do such things.) For one of the films, Suzanne needed some frilly underwear. We were sent to see a lady who would let her borrow the things.

We went to her place on a Saturday morning. And she greeted us at the door in a see-through negligee. There were people sitting around on all available chairs. Most of them naked or nearly naked. And all of them unattractive. I don't think I've ever before, or since, seen such a vast amount of flesh, hanging tits, saggy asses, and wrinkled faces in one place. It was like a Hieronymous Bosch painting.

Just to be sure that we would notice how hip they all were, we were told that they had spent the night swinging. And we were invited to join their next orgy. One of them, an un-appetizing broad, even said she'd enjoy turning us on to the swinging scene. The whole crowd was so sordid, we both felt filthy by the time we escaped. And both of us swore that this was a scene we were not going to get into.

We didn't realize at the time that there are nice people around who swing. That swinging isn't just a way of getting some variety if you are too unattractive to pick up someone without the help of an organized group. Or that there is more to swinging than the sex. But with those people as the first introduction to admitted swingers, what were we to believe?

We were lucky. We've met some people since who have totally changed our opinions. Some people who showed us what swinging really means. But we'll tell you about our conversion next month.

For the moment, let us tell you why we are now so eager to find out more about swinging for ourselves and why we are trying to convert others to this way of life.

If you are already quite liberated sexually, then you know that some outside experiences are good for your marriage and you. No doubt you are having those experiences. In the swinging world, you will meet people who feel the same way about sex. And about the true value of marriage and relationships. So you can be assured of having none of the difficulties that can occur when you meet people who don't understand what you are trying to do and how you are trying to live. (Like the guy who thought we were weird because I knew Suzanne was fucking him.)

If you are unsure of yourself but want some more experience, in swinging you will find a sympathetic partner without the anxieties of secret liaisons behind your partner's back. It makes things easier, unless you get off on the intrigue trip. But that is dangerous.

No matter what you are looking for, you will find people who are willing to experiment in a situation that leaves you satisfied, with new friends, and no pressures to marry the guy or chick just because you've fucked. Makes life easier, I assure you.

We are trying to discover more about the scene in New York. And we will be telling you all about our discoveries. Hopefully, the more you know, the more you will be inspired to give it a try. That way, maybe we'll meet in person sometime. Suzanne would like that, too.

Write to Suzanne or me c/o *CHERI* if you know of anything that is happening that we might be interested in.

THE SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 28)

Eulenspiegel meetings with the rings sweetly showing through.

A subtle and fun method of bondage is putting the victim in bondage beneath her clothing and then going out with her. Jack would fashion a chastity belt out of two chains. One would go around my waist and the other would go under my crotch. He would also put two metal circles around my breasts and attach them with chains around my back and over my shoulders. He called this device a "bra." With my clothing on over the restraints, I was Jack's captive but no one else would know. We could go riding on the motorcycle which caused vibrations of the chain on my clitoris. Sometimes a dildo up my ass would complete the picture. Jack liked this arrangement because it spared him foreplay. Actually, the whole day would be foreplay. Jack also liked to go to public places like museums and make me wear weighted clothespins on my nipples.

By being so thoroughly Jack's victim, I attracted a lot of attention at Eulenspiegel and not all of it from S's. M's would want to be dominated by me and once I decided to give it a try. I took a slave. His most terrifying moment came when I was determined to punish the cussedness out of him. On that occasion, I tied his arms behind his back and made him lie on his back in the bathtub. I then fastened his ankles to the faucets. With his ankles so elevated, he was caught off balance with no way of lifting his upper body. I then turned on the cold water, advising him all the while to be grateful that I wasn't using the hot water. As the tub filled, my slave became thoroughly chilled and feared he would drown. It would have been easy to push his head under water with his hands tied behind his back as they were. I wanted to push him under for a while and make him breathe through the tube from my douch bag, using it as a snorkle. It would have been magnificent but my slave panicked at this idea.

When one sees real panic in a slave, one should desist. It takes real insight to distinguish between true panic and mere fear, which, unlike panic, is a desirable state of being in a slave. Remember that S/M is a voluntary relationship and the S's power should never blind him to that fact. When I finally released my slave from his watery bondage, he was blue from the cold and completely devoid of fight. His teeth were chattering as I dried him off and put him on the velvet cushion in front of my altar. My Mistresshood had inspired me to create an altar to my Goddesshood. It was constructed of a simple table covered with a fine Indian tapestry. Over the table, hung a statue of my Cunt, designed by Doug Johns, the famous erotic sculptor. On the table were pictures of me in dominant poses and a cross, shaped like a woman, with the words, "por amor" inscribed on it. This cross is a symbol taken from Alexander Trocchi's novel *Thongs* which represents to me the ultimate M trip. All ultimates transcend themselves to their opposite, in this case, dominance. As he lay on the velvet cushion, my slave looked truely prostrate. He reminded me of Jesus for the first time. For the first time, too, I felt genuine affection for him. I now understood what S's had loved in me. I had yet to be crucified, however, and I was still an M. My S-hood was a marvelous fantasy. The experience was not a fantasy, though. That was real.

For further information on fiendish bondage devices, I refer the curious reader to the bondage playing cards sold at the Pleasure Chest. This is a real deck of cards but, instead of the usual pictures and graphics, are imaginative bondage pictures. Each suit has a different feel to it. My favorite suit is the spades. For example, the five of spades depicts a woman partially suspended over some vertical spikes. She has to use her own muscles to keep from being impaled on the spikes.

I would also like to refer the reader to issue #3 of the Eulenspiegel publication, *Prometheus* (available for $2.00 at P.O. Box 2783, New York 10017). Read "And a Good Time Was Had by All" by Ron Brooks for a great description of gay male bondage.

Finally, I would like to hear from readers about your favorite bondage and discipline techniques. After all, I might just encounter that technique sometime when its just too late to wriggle out of it. And wouldn't that be too bad.

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HP-135

HOOKING THE STREETS OF HOUSTON

(Continued from page 22)

not balding. Very much the opposite. I should be paying this man to fuck me? I introduced myself, he stood and motioned for me to sit. My mind was clicking like a camera. He was beautiful. The thing I remembered most about him later was his black eyes and manicured hands. I've never known a man with manicured hands. He dazzled me. I simply hadn't expected to like him. He offered me a drink and we made polite conversation. He talked mostly about his home in Cannes, a medium-size town on the Mediterranean Coast, and his wife and two children. I lost my initial nervousness almost immediately, allowing all those ingrained female instincts to take over. I was becoming charming, witty, knowledgeable and sexy all at once.

M. Marcells mild and pleasant manner changed somewhat when we arrived at his hotel suite. He became very authoritative and told me to strip. I made a move to the bathroom to comply with his demand but he insisted that I do it in front of him—and slowly. This business could certainly keep a person on their toes. I started a slow rythmic dance (one I hadn't attempted since Jazz Dance in high school) discarding my clothing at undetermined points around the room. I almost broke my neck trying to gracefully remove my stockings, but he was so busy rubbing his crotch he never noticed. His erection was encouraging. Perhaps the lessons were not wasted after all. M. Marcell comes to me and begins sucking my nipples. He caresses my ass and I reach inside his pants. His cock is hard and I can feel the blood pulsing through it. He tells me he wants me to suck his cock until he cums. He lets his pants drop and I go to my knees. He smells of expensive soap. His cock throbs next to my nose and I can feel the heat of it. I take it into my mouth and run my tongue the length of it, sucking the head with a gentle circular motion. He is moaning and clutching my hair. I think, this isn't such a bad way to earn money. That is until M. Marcell abruptly jams his cock down my throat, almost choking me to death. But he is oblivious to my gagging sounds. He holds my head still with his hands and runs his cock in and out. I am sure he will have teeth marks the length of it. I can feel the cum pass up the dick before it actually reaches the head. It explodes in my mouth and he takes it out and shoots the rest of it in my eyes; (I mentally add a pair of eye glasses to my expense account). I try to escape to the bath-room to wash my face. He will not let me go (it seems my desires to reach the bathroom are always being foiled by this man), but carries me to the bed and lies me face down. I am wondering when I can possibly leave without being rude.

It takes me a moment before I realize that M. Marcell is tying my limbs to the bed with little silk scarves. Where is my little Frenchman? Where is my editor? I try to reason with M. Marcell but he is past reasoning and is already pointing that cock of his at other than normal places. I have been ass-fucked. I don't want to be ass-fucked. This magazine doesn't pay me enough to get ass-fucked. He is murmuring French words of passion and I am murmuring American words of panic. Pleas to my editor, promises to God and country that if I can get out of here in one piece I will get a job doing fashion reviews for *Good Housekeeping*.

M. Marcell paid me $200 for about three hours of my company. That's not including dinner and drinks and cab fare home. Not bad for three hours work if you dismiss my poor asshole. It seems pretty comical looking back on it. Of course, not all the tricks were like this and I did eventually meet those fat and balding clients. On my second time out, Charlie set me up with a real estate salesman from Dallas. We met at, of all places, a cafeteria. It seems that he had a liking for homestyle meals. So in lieu of the roast duck and wine of the previous date, we munched turnip greens and baked ham. But this was somehow more pleasant. M. Marcell had been interesting in that dark romantic way, but in spite of his romantic looks and French manners, he was still a turd. The real estate salesman was very kind, almost apologetic about the whole thing. I think he was more interested in spurting about his business than into me. When we arrived at his hotel room, he insisted that I close my eyes while he undressed. When I opened them, he was hidden up to his chin under the white motel sheets. I later discovered that he had a very tiny penis and was embarrassed about showing it to anyone. I really had to work to build his confidence up. The poor man was absolutely radiant when I left him. I left feeling like I had done something for him.that he really needed and appreciated.

***

M. Marcell and the real estate salesman were actually at opposite ends of Charlie's clientele. The grist of his practice was athletic and executive types. He was what is known as a sports lawyer. His main trip was to help in the bidding and securing of contracts at drafting time. He actually started his escort service because of his law practice. It was through Charlie that Raymond, the first and only black man I have ever slept with, came to me. Aside from being black, he was about three feet taller than me, a basketball player. We made a humorous looking pair. I have never thought myself prejudiced but it was very hard for me to accept that date. Black men have always come on so jive with me. I never could take them seriously in some ways and was deathly afraid of them in others. I suppose I still carried the fears of my Protestant parents. Their whole attitude towards me had always been so negative, their first words usually being, "I don't know if you're prejudiced or not, but . . ." Raymond turned out to be a gentle, considerate soul. Not as aggressive with me as I imagine he is on the basketball court. We went to a very nice medium-expensive place for dinner, where we did turn a few heads, and then to his hotel room. As for all those rumors about the sexuality of black men, I can neither confirm or deny them. He did not seem much different from the white men I have slept with.

Charlie set me up several more times, mostly with executive types, the majority of them being very egotistical about buying a prostitute. After going out with some of these types, I could see how this profession could really screw up your head. M. Marcell and Raymond had been too unusual for me to feel strange about and the real estate salesman had been too pathetic. But the others were common. The normal trade so to speak. These were the types that the prostitute has to deal with on an everyday buy-and-sell basis. These were the grist of her practice. Towards the end of my arrangement with Charlie, I really had to talk myself into completing this article. I was being paid very well for my time and talents, but that was the problem. After a while, I started feeling like a piece of luggage, an unmatched piece, at that. It did not remain the glamorous occupation I imagined at the start.

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I decided that to round out my experiences, much to Charlie's dismay, I would hit the streets. I wanted to find out about the seamier side of the business. For a long time, in my neighborhood, I had noticed a particular corner on one of the busier streets. This corner was right in front of an adult book store, whose sign proudly proclaimed the best in "French Ticklers", the latest editions of "Swinger mags" and a 24-hour-movie arcade. The thing that helped make this an ideal corner for working from was the bus stop. The ladies could attract customers from the porn shop and use the bus stop as a cover from the vice squad. As a newcomer I felt I should get permission to use their turf. After approaching two of the girls and promising them it would only be for one night, they agreed. So long as I gave them first pick of the customers.

I arrived on the corner about 4:30 on a Saturday afternoon. There were only three girls there, one of whom was the one I had spoken with. The porn shop was doing a booming business and it wasn't long before my three companions were scooped up. They left me one by one with warnings and tips, telling me not to take less than $15 for a blow job and $35 for a fuck. These figures staggered me, I hadn't received less than $75 for about 30 minutes working for Charlie and I always had dinner and cab fare with it. Charlie was certainly right about the monetary value of an operation such as his.

I passed up the first couple of men that approached me. I was nervous about picking up some strange character who might beat my tiny body. I really worried a lot about this throughout my whole association with Charlie and my one night on the streets. You make a business agreement with someone and there is that exchange of cash for merchandise. But you are still a woman and he is still a man, usually being twice to three times your size and strength. It is still his will against yours if he wants to engage in something you don't. A lot of men buy prostitutes simply to abuse them, physically or otherwise. Fortunately, my only exposure, other than in mild degrees, was M. Marcell. Besides the average problem of this, you also have an array of real crazies to look out for. Women haters, sadomasochist freaks, an occasional nut who will beat you up and take your money, people who want bizarre types of sex. Of course, there are women who specialize in these types of sex. They are among the top moneymakers in the business.

I finally settled on a harmless looking overweight businessman in a white Contental. He went inside the porn shop and looked through the mags a while, then I saw him go to the counter and speak with the cashier. The cashier pointed in my direction. It wasn't long before he approached me, asking if I might like to go for a ride. I nodded my consent and got into his car. There was no conversation as he drove to an underground parking lot about four blocks from the book store. Once there, he indicated he only wanted to give me a head job. I indicated that would be $35. He argued that the other girls only charged $20, but I was firm and he finally forked over the money. What followed could only happen in the porn movies. Here I am, flat on my back with my panties off, feet stuck out the window with my shoes on and this poor fool slobbering away at my crotch when the security guard walks up and raps on the windshield. I've lived twenty-three years to come to this, a half-eaten dinner in an underground parking lot? The security guard requested we leave his garage immediately. I could see he was thoroughly disgusted at finding such a scene in his territory. My customer, not to be outdone in his own indignation, began to argue with the guard. He was vainly attempting to explain that he hadn't gotten his full thirty minutes and that he had paid over the going price and he should be allowed to finish. I thought the guard was going to explode. I finally persuaded him, with the promise of ten extra minutes, to go somewhere else. We finished our business in the alley behind a time-saver.

When I arrived back at the corner, Belinda, one of the women I had spoken with initially, was there. She laughed when I got out of the car. "I see you go the garage freak." I told her, as a matter of fact, we had gone to a garage, but had been run off by the security guard. She explained to me that the garage freak was a regular customer of the corner and that going to garages and getting caught was his trip. "How much extra time did you promise him?" I told her 10 minutes but that I had gotten $35 instead of the going price of $20. She really had a laugh over that, telling me she usually got $50 out of him. She also told me she had this one customer who came by every three or four days and paid her $50 to just go and set with him for one hour in front of the Dirty Movie House while he jacked off. He never wanted her to do anything. He got off jackiong off watching the customers walk in and out of the theater.

The rest of the night was pretty bland. I went out eight times all told. Sometimes to give head, sometimes to get head. I only got fucked twice the whole night. When I left, Belinda and her friends were still displaying their wares. They had a pretty productive corner going for them. I had made about what I would have made on a night for Charlie. The big difference being I had to mess with more people this way. Also I'm not so sure it would be this profitable in other places. I think it was all a worthwhile experience but not something I ever want to do again. I plan on taking all my earnings and going on a nice long vacation to a sunny island. The business won't miss the loss of one whore.

PERSONALITY

(Continued from page 41)

many people balk at that idea?

MARLENE: This was a while back—very few actresses even auditioned. The play went on in the Bowery, not too cute an area for uptowners, but I was happy to do it. I had this black, curly hair and I couldn't get any modeling jobs—everything was the English straight look—so a guy I knew said he could straighten it. He used some incredible black product and all the hair fell out. Not only that, but I had scabs all over my head. The funny part was that I was auditioning for the musical *Hair* at the time, only they hadn't named it yet. Of course I didn't get cast, but I got into *Che* anyway.

I was working at Horn & Hardart's, another of my winner jobs. No one else would hire me. They're really a good company—I was so awful, I looked like a cartoon. They let me wear a wig in *Che*.

PETER: Did you have to do an undress rehearsal for the show?

MARLENE: I walked into the room where Ed Wode was sitting and the first thing he said was, "You're too tall. But come see the show tonight anyway." Well I went with my sister and a friend and I really dug it. When I went home that night Ed called and said, "One of the actresses quit—you're going on tomorrow." Then I panicked—but fortunately they wanted me to play Fidel Castro, all I had to do was sit around in a gunbelt, puff cigars, and throw out a few Spanish curse words every so often.

PETER: Whatever happened to Ed?

MARLENE: Don't you remember? You were at his party last night—the guy with the red hair?

PETER: Who notices—I only went for the free booze and hors d'oeuvres. But the show did have a lot of real sex, right?

MARLENE: No—it was all simulated. I eventually played all the roles—the Sister of Mercy was my favorite—and we were all professionals. We didn't think of it as the touching of genitals. It was just whatever the character was doing at the moment.

PETER: But that was such a new thing—didn't anyone warn you against it?

MARLENE: My mother! She came and saw the play, and freaked. We were living together, and I was *not* going home alone that night. So I brought along a few of the guys from the cast. She met them as people, we all drank a little wine—it worked.

PETER: So where did you go after that?

MARLENE: A couple of soft-core sexploits. With Al Levitsky and Jeffry Hurst.

PETER: As actors, were you ready to do hard-core?

MARLENE: We didn't talk about it—all the sex was simulated. It seemed very natural to all of us—we sat around smoking and playing cards until they'd tell us to go on.

PETER: Nobody got uptight at all?

MARLENE: Oh—I did have a really hard time with one girl. She was supposed to do a lesbian scene with me, and she'd never done it before—I mean, neither had I, just a litle bit in *Che*. All of a sudden she was crying in the kitchen. Oh, it was so awful—she called up her boyfriend about this horrible girl she had to do the scene with—meaning me. I was wearing a black leather outfit and I guess she thought I'd be cruel . . .

PETER: And this was the first time your face was seen?

MARLENE: Yeah, but you wouldn't know it unless you really searched. The director cuts a lot—he'll use a shot of just lips, say. But it was so simple, and everybody was easy to get along with.

PETER: Do you like watching yourself ball?

MARLENE: The first time I saw myself having sex—just simulated—was at a screening of *Voice of Desire*. I almost threw up. It was one of those private showings for distributors. A roomful of guys smoking cigars and one girl—me. Then I had to take the elevator down with all of them. I was very nervous.

PETER: How do you feel about your boobs . . . I mean, ah, you have a relatively boyish figure. Do they affect your films? Do men react to you as a surrogate faggot.

MARLENE: How do I feel? Like it's a crock of shit. I'm all woman. Sure there are boob men in the world. They don't bother me—I don't bother them.

PETER: Do you get cast as a girl who'll do anything? Tell me the most uncomfortable, weird, horrifying sex thing you've ever had to do. Or at least humiliating.

MARLENE: Oh—nothing really. No, I won't "fluff." You know, keep an actor hard for some other actress. I'll only blow a guy if we're in a scene together. If the director says, "Hey, Marlene, go over there and give a guy head"—I say, "Sure—if you're gonna pay me for that *exact piece* of footage." They probably think I'm a bitch, but you gotta stand up for your rights sometime. And I know a couple of other girls who wouldn't do it either.

The thing is, all our sex scenes are strange—I actually look forward to something normal. I'm hanging from a trapeze in *Come Softly, Darling*. And I did a masturbation scene with a rutabaga. But I couldn't stick it in—they told me the chemicals in it were poisonous . . .

PETER: And not only that, you've worked a lot with Johnny Holmes.

MARLENE: He is . . . very large. But he's an adorable, cuddly person and so slim he almost melts in your arms.

PETER: I hear he can be very snotty on a set.

MARLENE: He did get a little annoyed at me once . . . I'd been shooting all day, tied up to a plastic sex machine with my arms bound and my legs spread, and I'd fucked so many other guys. He was the last number and I put some K-Y on. He saw it just as we were gonna roll and he said, "If that stays on, I'm *not* gonna come." I had to take it off.

PETER: Why would he do that?

MARLENE: Because he felt he could get me wet—and he did!

PETER: Do you see yourself having fights over K-Y ten years from now?

MARLENE: Oh no! By then I'd better be a household word. I'm not really looking for marriage—unless maybe to a Count —but I wouldn't mind having a good manager to get me there. Like Ann Margret does. I've become very ballsy lately, looking for one, but I've already gotten for myself the things they're promising me. One told me the other day, I can get you an interview in that hot new magazine, CHERI. I told him honey, you're a little late.

PETER: You don't feel there's any resistance to a porn person becoming a household word?

MARLENE: No! Look at Andrea True—her record is #1 in the country! And I'm ready. You give me a good Broadway or TV script and I can handle it. I'm learning every day. A while back a producer was paying me for two days and he said, "You know, if you'd asked for more money I would have given it to you." I said, "Hey, you're writing out the checks now—why not?" He wouldn't. He said I didn't fight for it. What kind of logic is that?

PETER: It's not bad logic . . . and now you know.

MARLENE: Anyway, my career will go up, in steps. I'll keep making connections and finally I'll hit somebody like Fellini, who can use me. I mean, I'd better. I don't think I could go on without *some* feeling of recognition.

PETER: Then what?

MARLENE: After that I found out about my boyfriend and his secret family in Brooklyn and I freaked completely. I thought I was gonna have a nervous breakdown. Even the whole city, which I love, looked dirty—it was the end of the acid era—and I had to split.

I went to California and stayed at my friend Lily Tomlin's house in Malibu. Lay on the beach for four months watching the ocean and crying. I got a blue '61 Thunderbird and—

PETER: *The* Lily Tomlin?

MARLENE: Yeah—we were good friends. She lived next door to me in the East Village when we were all struggling, and when she started to break she moved to the coast. I was close to her brother. I didn't do anything in show business at all. Drove around seeing the sights in my new car and had a lovely affair with a blond surfer to heal the wounds.

PETER: Are you the surfer girl the Beach Boys wrote their first fifteen albums about?

MARLENE: Actually I'm not that crazy about California—what a police state! I was busted for grass—a felony then, it was Reagan—for get this—a *five-inch* plant in a pineapple-grapefruit can on a fire escape four flights up. If you walked down Hollywood Boulevard you were stopped and frisked because you were a stranger. I got nothing but hostility in California.

PETER: How did you support yourself?

MARLENE: Some regular film work, small stuff—but mostly I pumped gas in a filling station. No, *not* topless.

PETER: So you came back to New York. You've been around a while, but your career has really only taken off in the past year.

MARLENE: Yeah, well . . . I came back here and everything was stone hard-core. Do it or forget it—and I was very unemployed—

PETER: But resisting.

MARLENE: Well, my Catholic upbringing—and about 90,000 other reasons. But as I said, the people turned out to be great.

PETER: Nobody put you through any changes getting parts? Don't you have any filthy casting couch stories?

MARLENE: I never had to fuck to get a job in porn—for a regular film, I probably would have. I will say that a couple of the interviewers were strange. One claimed he was casting for an R, an X and two GP films—but—if he were to bring in the actor, whom he "just happened" to have hanging out "in the next room"—would we get along? Testing me out. But I could handle him.

My first film was *Love Boards*—all I did were inserts, just my crotch. I wanted to see if my head was ready for it. It was with Jeffry Hurst and it was wonderful. Easy money, fifteen minutes—then we went out to dinner afterwards and then up to his apartment to ball some more. Then I did some more small stuff and then *Misty Beethhoven*—which mainly consisted of sucking off Jamie Gillis and walking in and out of a room.

COCK-SUCKERS

(Continued from page 44)

very embarrassing—and very expensive. Once you're on the set you get paid, period. And there's no insurance against this—not even Lloyd's of London would write such a policy.

BARBARA: No matter what a man can do in the privacy of a bedroom, he can't necessarily duplicate it on a set in front of a lot of people—no matter how they detach themselves from the proceedings. So we got our own form of insurance—actors we *knew* could perform on cue. Harry Reems of "Deep Throat" and Marc Stevens both have done dozens of films and performed successfully.

ARCHIE: And when did the young students get to meet these studs?

BARBARA: The morning of the shooting.

ARCHIE: Why? Were you afraid they'd elope?

BARBARA: Of course not. But in spite of the obvious intimacy of sex—they couldn't afford to get emotionally involved with one another.

ARCHIE: You mean you just throw a girl in with a guy she's never met before and tell them to start balling?

BARBARA: Right. It works out very well that way—everybody's happy.

ARCHIE: Everybody?

BARBARA: Oh, it did happen that a girl wasn't wild about her partner—she'd speak to Richard, very discreetly, and he'd suddenly come up with 'last minute script changes.' That way, nobody lost face. The men were all good troupers—they took any girl we assigned them.

ARCHIE: A stiff cock has no conscience—much less discretion. Did anybody have any reservations about the sex?

BARBARA: The girls were unanimous in refusing anal sex, but almost all of them went along with the lesbian scenes. The men went along with everything, but then most of them were professional actors.

ARCHIE: Did you have any real hassles during the shooting?

RICHARD: Oh sure. When you've never been in a film before, you don't realize it isn't one long party—it's very hard work. *Teenage Cheerleader* consists of ten separate episodes, running approximately seven minutes each. But it took a full day, often up 'til 10 pm, to shoot each episode. Driving to the location, setting up lights, checking camera angles—we shot a 7 to 1 ratio, where most porn is 1 to 1.

ARCHIE: That's great for production values but disastrous for spontaneous sex, no?

RICHARD: Of course, every once in a while a guy would be "petered out" and we'd all have to wait until he was ready again. Although all the girls would pitch in to arouse him, nature needs a certain length of time—but these men were professionals and we knew we could depend upon them. They made much faster recouperations than an amateur would have. And the girls made good use of the time—between hot sex scenes, they'd grab their textbooks and study up for next week's finals.

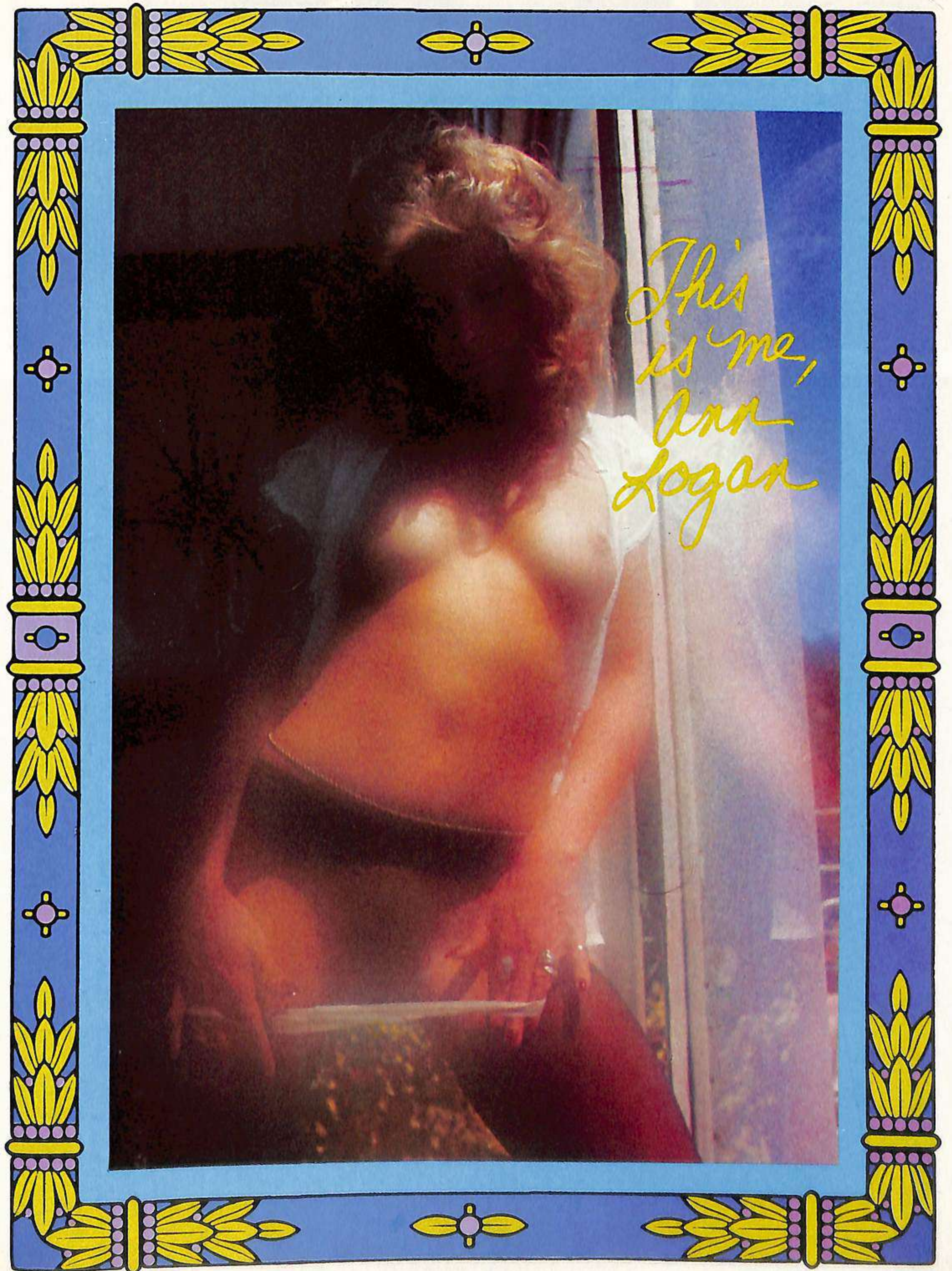
ARCHIE: How long did the whole shoot take?

RICHARD: We shot for three weeks, on a budget that ran upwards of $30,000—it wasn't a cheap production, and it doesn't look like one. There were thirty people in the hard-core scenes. Susie, the lead, got $1,500 and the rest of the cast a flat $100 per day. We shot mostly on location, but we did build two special sets for the interiors—and rented a school bus, at even one point.

ARCHIE: I'd like to know Susie like you know Susie—is she interested in becoming a star after this? Do you think she'd give me an interview?

RICHARD: Sorry, no. She became very apprehensive toward the end of shooting. It could be that she began to realize that we were making a professional motion picture, and not a stag film. And that this film would be seen by many thousands of people. She insisted on no publicity, and won't make any personal appearances or appear on TV interview-type shows and would not allow any still photographs of her to be used. She could have many offers for more starring parts, but she won't make another film. Not that she has any regrets. It's just that she, as well as some of the other girls in the film, were in it for a one-time experience. Now that it's out of their system, they won't do it again.

ARCHIE: Too bad. I had intended to ask her: "What is a nice girl like you doing in a film like this?" Now we'll never know.



These pictures were taken
shortly after my honeymoon.
Unfortunately, my new husband
doesn't like me posing.
I think this is going to be
my first *and* last session!

Your photographer was the first person to tell me I had a pretty pussy.

Isn't this a demeaning pose?

I actually got off on
this shooting.

HONEYSUCKLE'S HEAVE-HO: THE STRAIGHT SKINNY

(Continued from page 18)

go in and see "Willy" Mills. They laughed and told me to go ahead. But I just smiled and said he probably wasn't there anyway, he was probably hiding in a "fox" hole somewhere.

They really roared at that one. Later, when I told Margo about the guards, she said she tickled one of them in the tummy after her press conference. Maybe he was the same one I was talking to.

After flaunting myself around the Capitol for a while, I decided to go to COYOTE headquarters and get some literature to distribute.

I suggest buying stock in rubber dolls as I suspect sales of such items to legislators will be zooming before long. Just as long as the dolls can't talk—or don't have any bugs on them! I feel sorry for those poor, horny Congressmen.

Marty Blumsack, one of the local organizers, gave me literature to pass out to people walking by the theatre. We soon gathered quite a crowd. The BBC was there early, capturing the action on film. Ironically, I was wearing a blouse sent to me from London by Tuppy Owens, the Sex Maniac's diarist. It's a very seductive, flesh-colored, tight-fitting number, low cut and made to be worn without a bra. Naturally, I wore a short-short mniskirt with it and high-high heels. I had to wear pantyhose, since the skirt was too short for stockings.

The local hookers seemed to be afraid of losing their jobs—or being arrested. However, I knew a lot of them were interested, even though they didn't dare show up. As a result, zillions of press people were frantically looking for hookers to interview. So naturally, I volunteered my services, babbling away about how I was an ex-hooker and used to hook from 1964 to 1969 right there in Washington and even went to bed with a past president of the United States. No, it wasn't Kennedy. And it wasn't Honest Abe Lincoln.

I can say this because I have nothing to fear since I'm not hooking any more. Not much, anyway. Perhaps I will hook an occasional rug now and then—or a pot holder. I can't be arrested now for my hooking in the Sixties—thanks to the Statute of Limitations.

I was interviewed by WTTG-TV (Washington), WRC-Radio, NBC-Radio, WLMD-Radio, the *Washington Star*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Off Our Bodies*, and many free-lance writers and photographers.

Later in the afternoon, after most press people had left, I saw two women licking ice cream cones in a seductive manner. I remarked how nice it was of them, as non-hookers, to come to the movies. They assured me they were really hookers and then started asking me a lot of questions. I had the strangest feeling that they were really female vice cops. Later, one newspaper reported that there were, indeed, two vice officers there, but didn't say whether they were male or female. The police seemed to take a "hands off" policy, and were ordered not to arrest any hookers unless they started hooking in their presence.

The next day, I went to the congressional reception at the Washington Hotel. No actual

(Continued on page 92)

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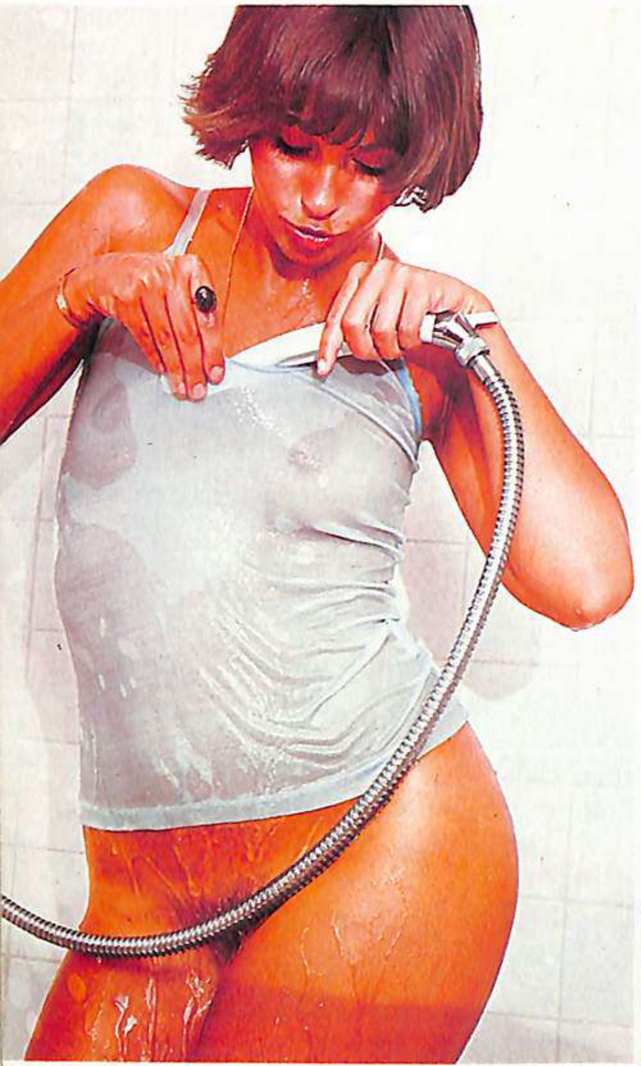
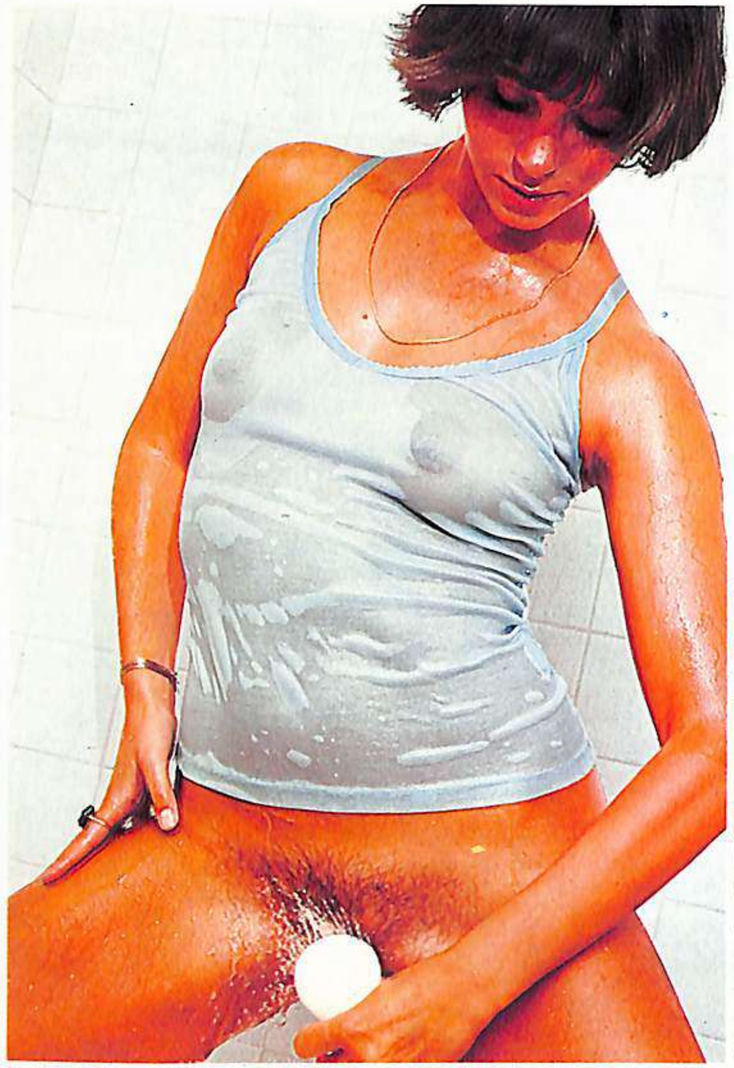
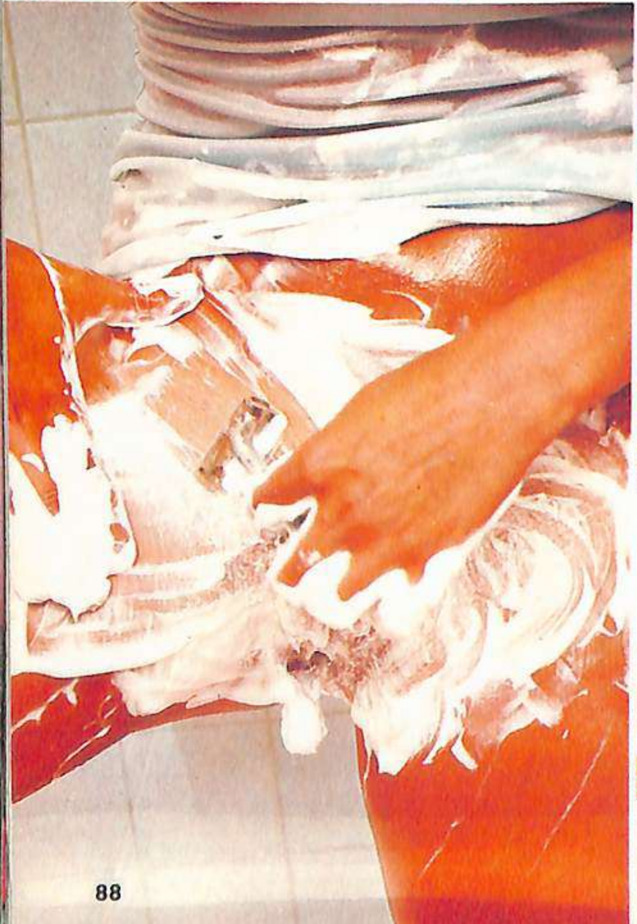
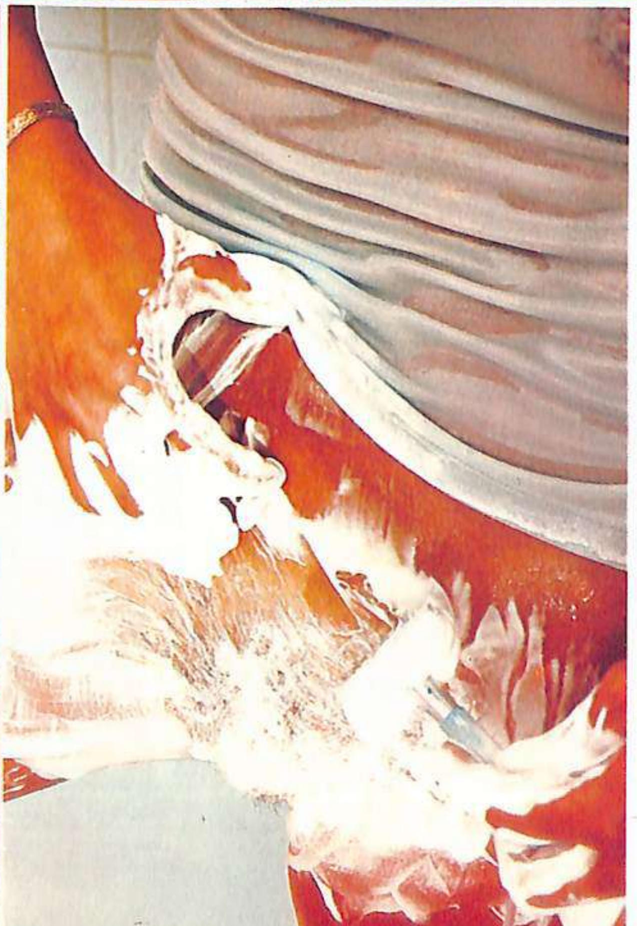
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERTO MORRISON

(ON MAKING ONE'S PRIVATE PARTS MORE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC)

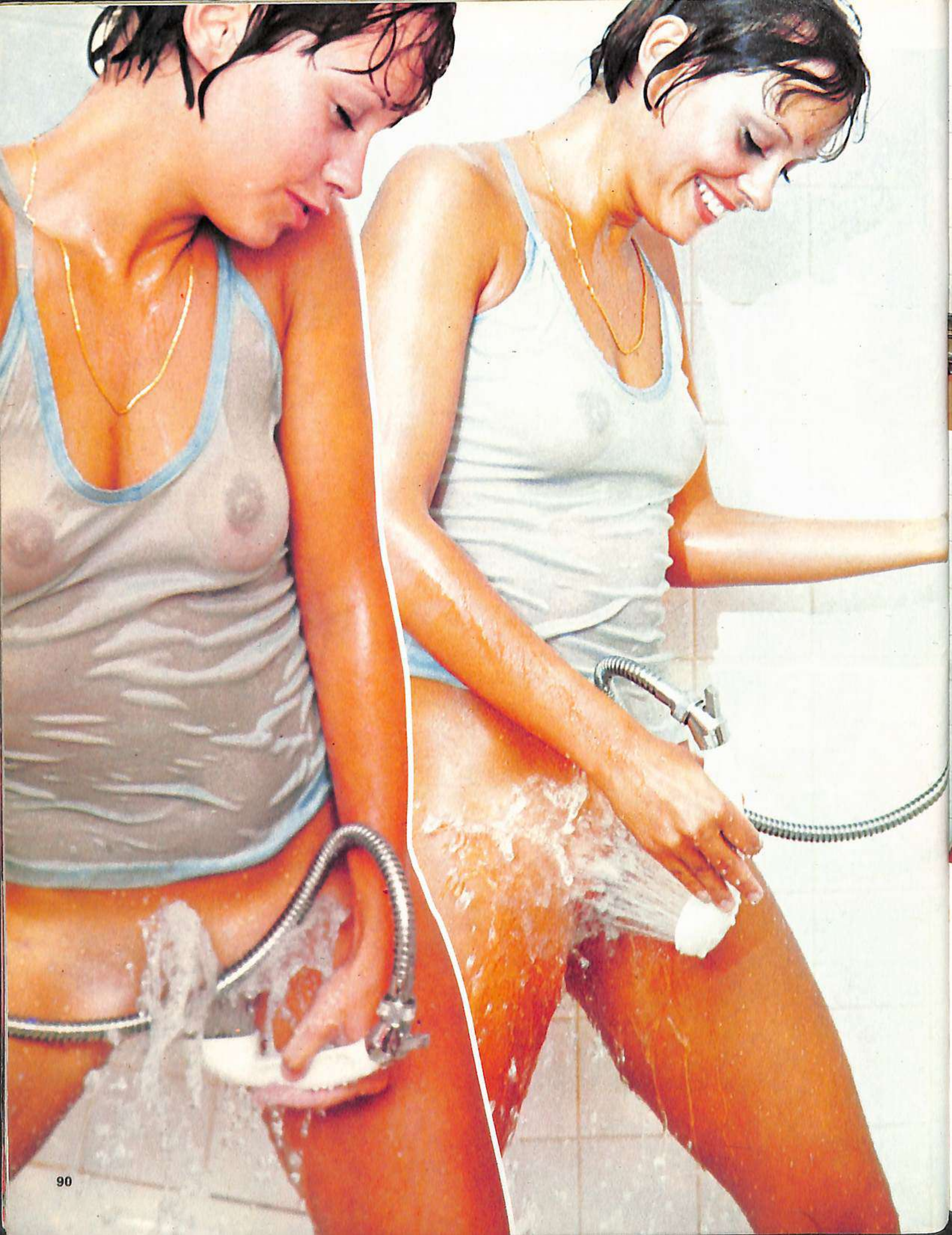








On shearing one's sex . . . Pubic hairs—curse or blessing? Pro: easy to snatch. Con: messy, tickly, hell between the teeth. S., consciousness raised, selfhood assigned, takes the revolution into the raw. Women! Off your knees and into the shower, she says. Bald is badder, bawdier, babylike, a treat to beat. . . . and not only that, a visual aid to her erotic avocation—showing her sisters where it's at and what to do with it. No mess, no fuss. And just think how clean you'd come with a shower toy, too, a water vibrator. If you could get Chicken Delight to deliver, you could turn on in the tub forever.



THE POLITICS OF PUBIC HAIR—ON GETTING IT ON WHILE TAKING IT OFF

HONEYSUCKLE'S HEAVE-HO:

(Continued from page 86)

legislators showed up, but, some people who worked for Congress were there, including a very handsome, dynamic-looking lobbyist who later gave me a ride home. I kept wondering if he was one of the ones Liz Ray wrote about. (Liz Ray was a popular topic of conversation, and I dearly wish she would have appeared to give a speech.)

It is common gossip around town that a lot of secretaries on "The Hill" started wearing "I Can Type" buttons to offset the idea that they are all playgirls. (Liz Ray tells everyone she can't type.)

I searched all over D.C. looking for those buttons, but couldn't find any stores that sold them. I finally discovered these fellows who have a little concession at the foot of the Capitol. They made up several buttons for me at fifty cents each, (and anyone who wants one can write to them at: P.O. Box 3777, Washington, D.C. 20007.) They also do personalized T-shirts and coffee mugs with your photograph on them.

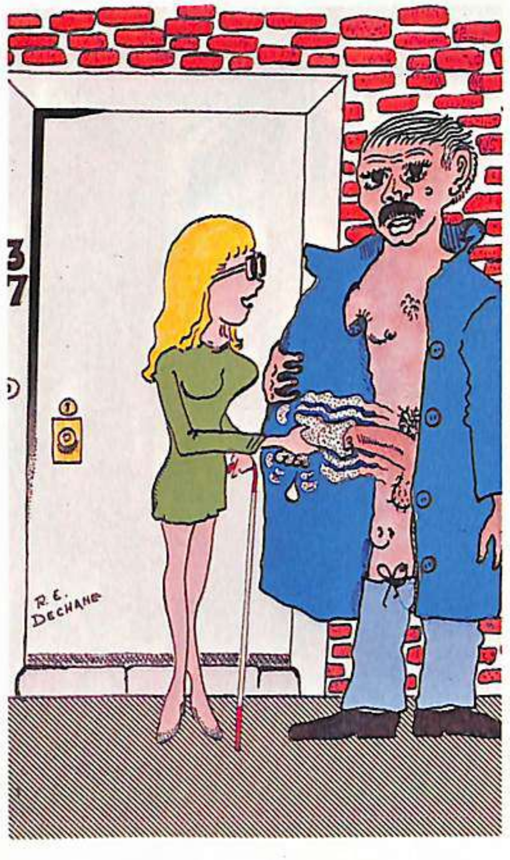
I wore an "I Can Type" button on each tit and was a hit at the Congressional reception in my ultra-short, low-cut, baby pink dress, and eight-inch high heels. I was photographed and interviewed by several foreign press people as well as for local TV stations and American newspapers and magazines.

There was an interesting assortment of other people there: a reformed garbage man, who announced he is part owner of a massage parlor, two auctioneers from Texas, a pair of audiovisual consultants; a man named Paul who said he lost his virginity at Mustang Ranch in 1972; and a woman named Jean Daniels who said she thought women should give it away instead of charging for sex.

Margo St. James gave a very rousing speech which also had a touch of humor. She said she's given over two hundred appearances during the past three years and, as a result, she's not only had no time to hook, but she hasn't even had time to masturbate.

During the speeches, I sat beside a very charming French newspaper columnist. When one of the speakers said that no one ever died from a blow job, Noel told me, yes, someone did. In

(Continued on page 98)



"My blindness would be unbearable, Sir, if it were not for wonderful, warmharted persons such as yourself who are always willing to extend a helping hand. . . ."

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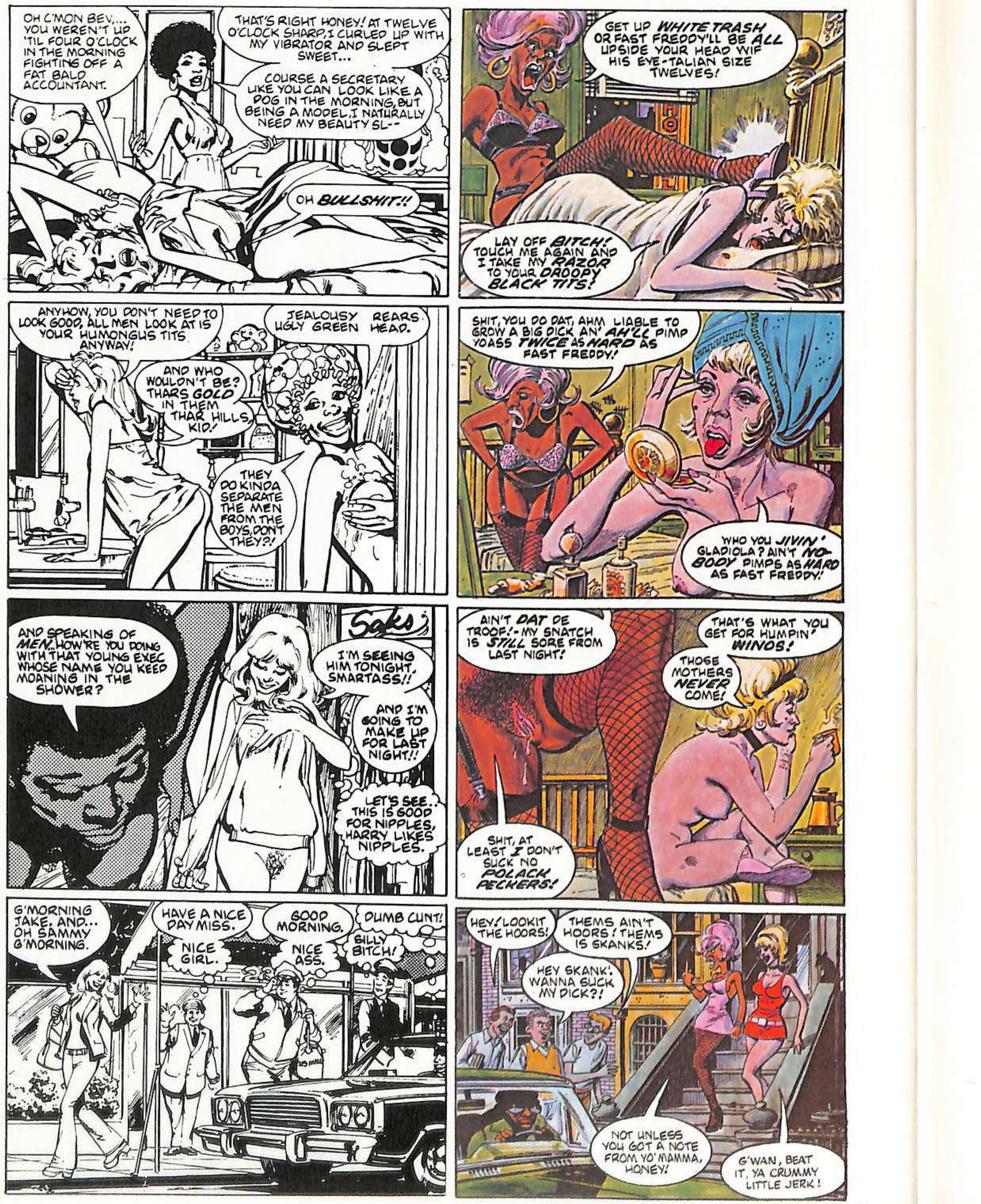
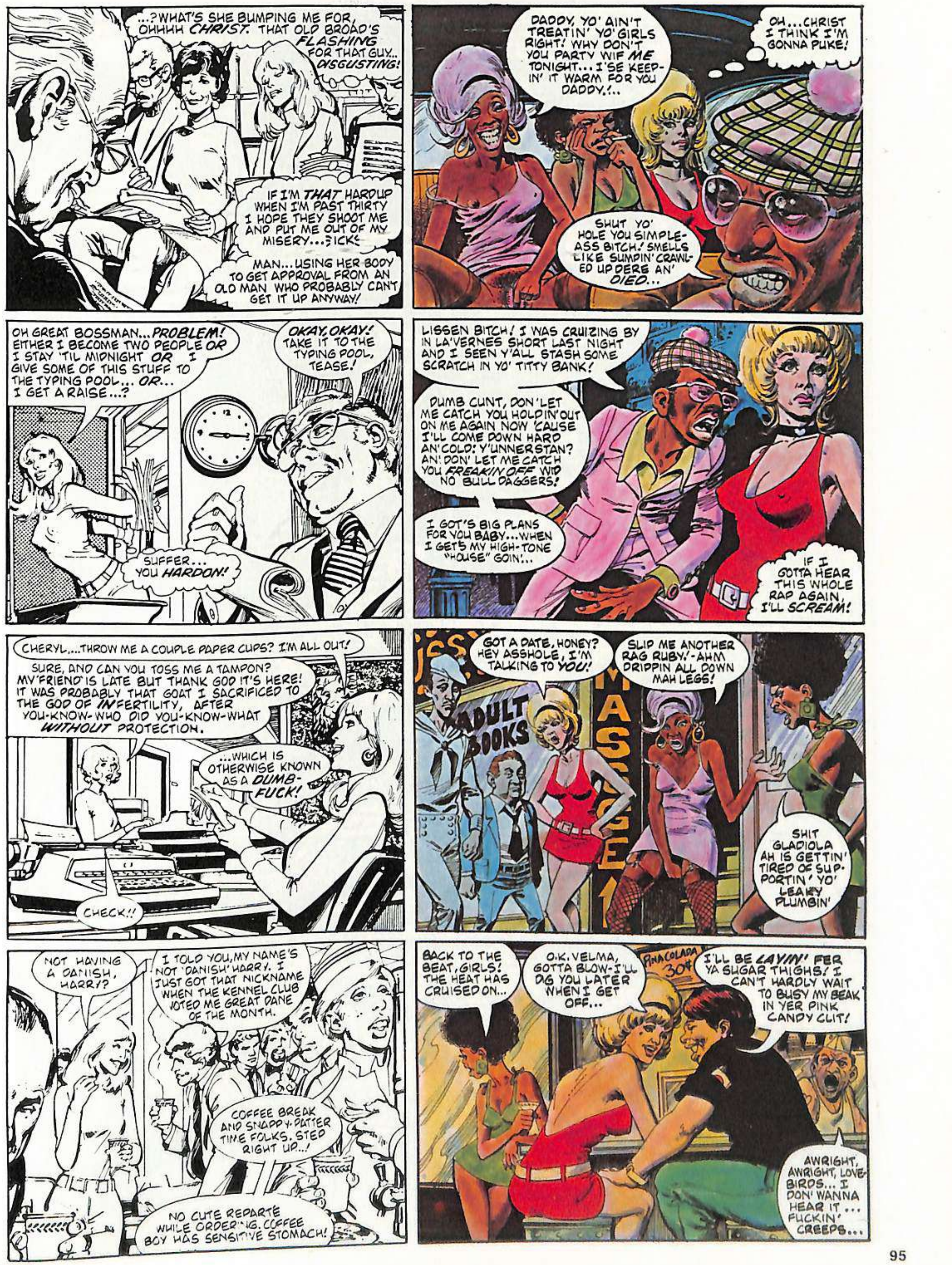
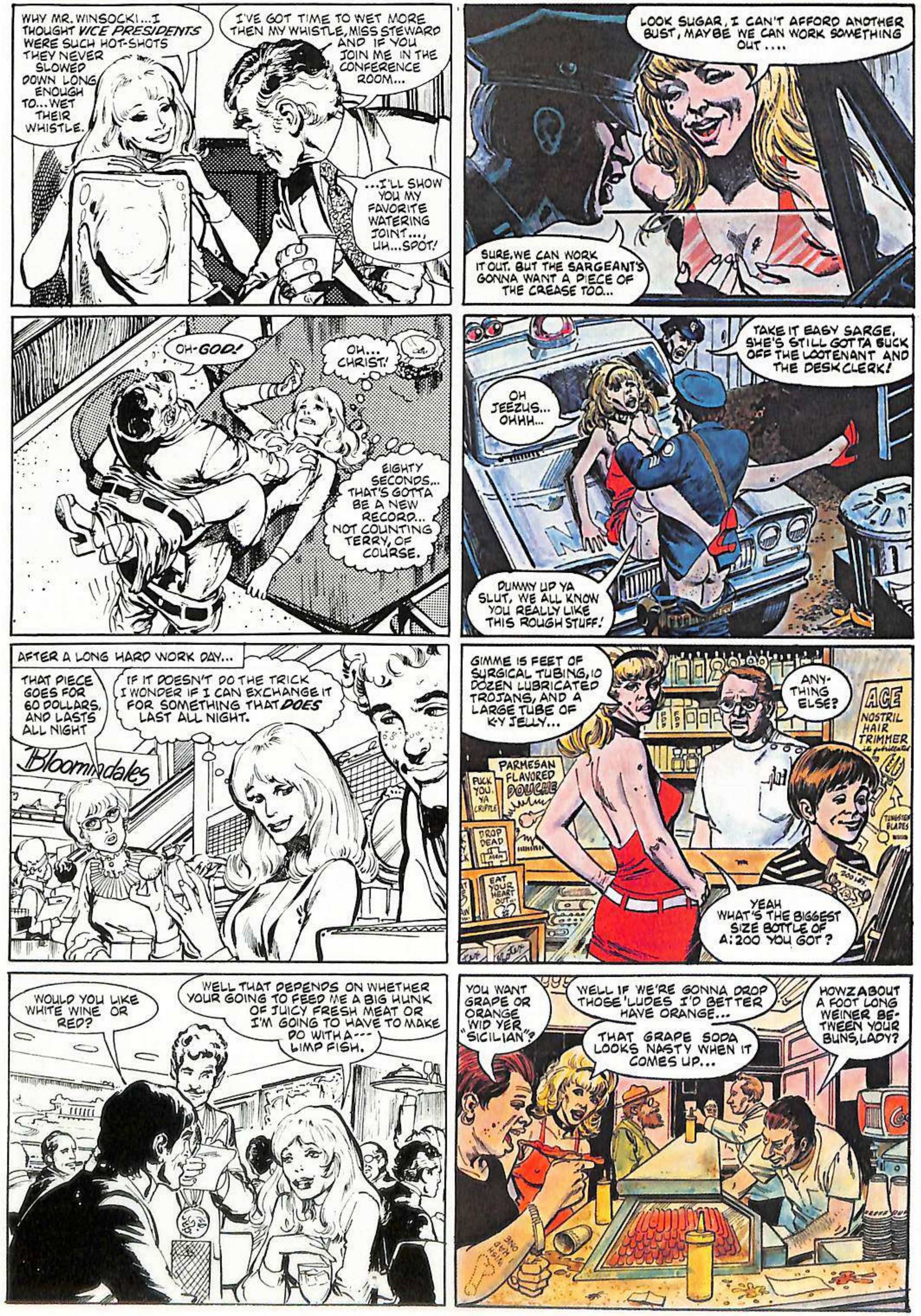
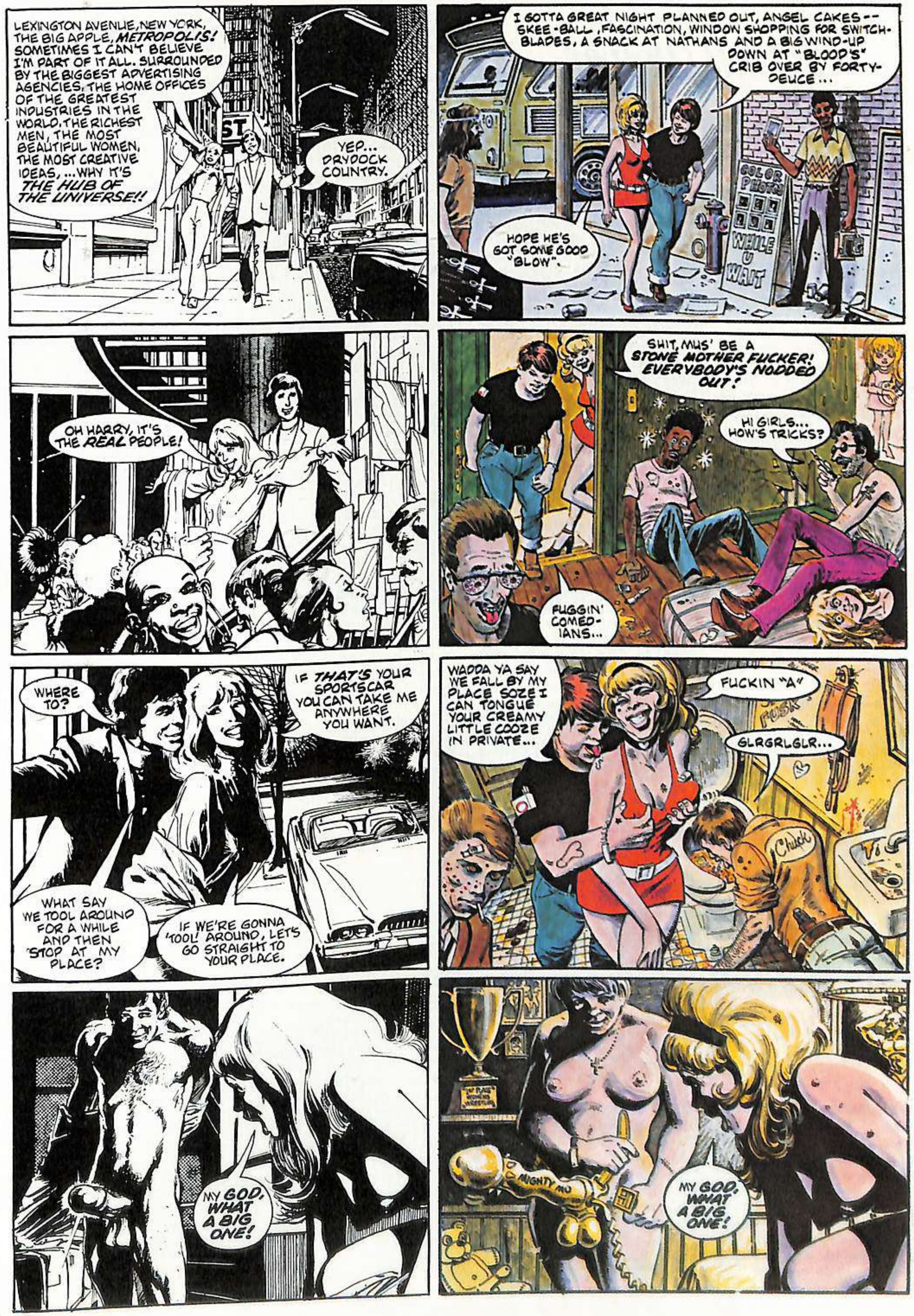
SHE
NEAL ADAMS
Hama + Reese


OH C'MON BEV,... YOU WEREN'T UP 'TIL FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING FIGHTING OFF A FAT BALD ACCOUNTANT.
THAT'S RIGHT HONEY! AT TWELVE O'CLOCK SHARP, I CURLED UP WITH MY VIBRATOR AND SLEPT SWEET...
COURSE A SECRETARY LIKE YOU CAN LOOK LIKE A DOG IN THE MORNING, BUT BEING A MODEL, I NATURALLY NEED MY BEAUTY SL--
OH BULLSHIT!!
GET UP WHITE TRASH OR FAST FREDDY'LL BE ALL UPSIDE YOUR HEAD WIF HIS EYE-TALIAN SIZE TWELVES!
LAY OFF BITCH! TOUCH ME AGAIN AND I TAKE MY RAZOR TO YOUR DROOPY BLACK TITS!
ANYHOW, YOU DON'T NEED TO LOOK GOOD, ALL MEN LOOK AT IS YOUR HUMONGUS TITS ANYWAY!
JEALOUSY REARS UGLY GREEN HEAD.
AND WHO WOULDN'T BE? THARS GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS, KID!
THEY DO KINDA SEPARATE THE MEN FROM THE BOYS, DON'T THEY?!
SHIT, YOU DO DAT, AHM LIABLE TO GROW A BIG DICK AN' AH'LL PIMP YOASS TWICE AS HARD AS FAST FREDDY!
WHO YOU JIVIN' GLADIOLA? AIN'T NOBODY PIMPS AS HARD AS FAST FREDDY!
AND SPEAKING OF MEN...HOW'RE YOU DOING WITH THAT YOUNG EXEC WHOSE NAME YOU KEEP MOANING IN THE SHOWER?
Saks
I'M SEEING HIM TONIGHT, SMARTASS!!
AND I'M GOING TO MAKE UP FOR LAST NIGHT!!
LET'S SEE.. THIS IS GOOD FOR NIPPLES, HARRY LIKES NIPPLES.
AIN'T DAT DE TROOF!-MY SNATCH IS STILL SORE FROM LAST NIGHT!
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR HUMPIN' WINOS!
THOSE MOTHERS NEVER COME!
SHIT, AT LEAST I DON'T SUCK NO POLACK PECKERS!
G'MORNING JAKE. AND... OH SAMMY G'MORNING.
HAVE A NICE DAY MISS.
NICE GIRL.
GOOD MORNING.
NICE ASS.
DUMB CUNT!
SILLY BITCH!
HEY! LOOKIT THE HOORS!
THEMS AIN'T HOORS! THEMS IS SKANKS!
HEY SKANK! WANNA SUCK MY DICK?!
NOT UNLESS YOU GOT A NOTE FROM YO' MAMMA, HONEY!
G'WAN, BEAT IT, YA CRUMMY LITTLE JERK!


...?WHAT'S SHE BUMPING ME FOR, OHHHH CHRIST. THAT OLD BROAD'S FLASHING FOR THAT GUY... DISGUSTING!
IF I'M THAT HARDUP WHEN I'M PAST THIRTY I HOPE THEY SHOOT ME AND PUT ME OUT OF MY MISERY...ICK!
MAN...USING HER BODY TO GET APPROVAL FROM AN OLD MAN WHO PROBABLY CAN'T GET IT UP ANYWAY!
DADDY, YO' AIN'T TREATIN' YO' GIRLS RIGHT! WHY DON'T YOU PARTY WIF ME TONIGHT... I'SE KEEPIN' IT WARM FOR YOU DADDY.!..
OH...CHRIST I THINK I'M GONNA PUKE!
SHUT YO' HOLE YOU SIMPLE-ASS BITCH! SMELLS LIKE SUMPIN' CRAWLED UP DERE AN' DIED...
OH GREAT BOSSMAN...PROBLEM! EITHER I BECOME TWO PEOPLE OR I STAY 'TIL MIDNIGHT OR I GIVE SOME OF THIS STUFF TO THE TYPING POOL... OR... I GET A RAISE...?
OKAY, OKAY! TAKE IT TO THE TYPING POOL, TEASE!
SUFFER... YOU HARDON!
LISSEN BITCH! I WAS CRUIZING BY IN LA'VERNES SHORT LAST NIGHT AND I SEEN Y'ALL STASH SOME SCRATCH IN YO' TITTY BANK!
DUMB CUNT, DON'LET ME CATCH YOU HOLDIN'OUT ON ME AGAIN NOW 'CAUSE I'LL COME DOWN HARD AN'COLD! Y'UNNERSTAN? AN' DON' LET ME CATCH YOU FREAKIN'OFF WID NO BULL DAGGERS!
I GOT'S BIG PLANS FOR YOU BABY...WHEN I GET'S MY HIGH-TONE "HOUSE" GOIN'...
IF I GOTTA HEAR THIS WHOLE RAP AGAIN, I'LL SCREAM!
CHERYL,...THROW ME A COUPLE PAPER CUPS? I'M ALL OUT!
SURE, AND CAN YOU TOSS ME A TAMPON? MY 'FRIEND' IS LATE BUT THANK GOD IT'S HERE! IT WAS PROBABLY THAT GOAT I SACRIFICED TO THE GOD OF INFERTILITY, AFTER YOU-KNOW-WHO DID YOU-KNOW-WHAT WITHOUT PROTECTION.
...WHICH IS OTHERWISE KNOWN AS A DUMB-FUCK!
CHECK!!
GOT A DATE, HONEY? HEY ASSHOLE, I'M TALKING TO YOU!
ADULT BOOKS
SLIP ME ANOTHER RAG RUBY!-AHM DRIPPIN ALL DOWN MAH LEGS!
SHIT GLADIOLA AH IS GETTIN' TIRED OF SUPPORTIN' YO' LEAKY PLUMBIN'
NOT HAVING A DANISH, HARRY?
I TOLD YOU, MY NAME'S NOT 'DANISH' HARRY. I JUST GOT THAT NICKNAME WHEN THE KENNEL CLUB VOTED ME GREAT DANE OF THE MONTH.
COFFEE BREAK AND SNAPPY-PATTER TIME FOLKS. STEP RIGHT UP...!
NO CUTE REPARTÉ WHILE ORDERING. COFFEE BOY HAS SENSITIVE STOMACH!
BACK TO THE BEAT, GIRLS! THE HEAT HAS CRUISED ON...
O.K. VELMA, GOTTA BLOW-I'LL DIG YOU LATER WHEN I GET OFF...
PINACOLADA 30¢
I'LL BE LAYIN' FER YA SUGAR THIGHS! I CAN'T HARDLY WAIT TO BUSY MY BEAK IN YER PINK CANDY CLIT!
AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT, LOVEBIRDS... I DON' WANNA HEAR IT... FUCKIN' CREEPS...


WHY MR. WINSOCKI...I THOUGHT VICE PRESIDENTS WERE SUCH HOT-SHOTS THEY NEVER SLOWED DOWN LONG ENOUGH TO...WET THEIR WHISTLE.
I'VE GOT TIME TO WET MORE THEN MY WHISTLE, MISS STEWARD AND IF YOU JOIN ME IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM...
...I'LL SHOW YOU MY FAVORITE WATERING JOINT...., UH...SPOT!
LOOK SUGAR, I CAN'T AFFORD ANOTHER BUST, MAYBE WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT....
SURE, WE CAN WORK IT OUT. BUT THE SARGEANT'S GONNA WANT A PIECE OF THE CREASE TOO...
OH-GOD!
OH... CHRIST!
EIGHTY SECONDS... THAT'S GOTTA BE A NEW RECORD... NOT COUNTING TERRY, OF COURSE.
TAKE IT EASY SARGE, SHE'S STILL GOTTA SUCK OFF THE LOOTENANT AND THE DESK CLERK!
OH JEEZUS... OHHH...
DUMMY UP YA SLUT, WE ALL KNOW YOU REALLY LIKE THIS ROUGH STUFF!
AFTER A LONG HARD WORK DAY...
THAT PIECE GOES FOR 60 DOLLARS, AND LASTS ALL NIGHT
IF IT DOESN'T DO THE TRICK I WONDER IF I CAN EXCHANGE IT FOR SOMETHING THAT DOES LAST ALL NIGHT.
Bloomindales
GIMME 15 FEET OF SURGICAL TUBING, 10 DOZEN LUBRICATED TROJANS, AND A LARGE TUBE OF KY JELLY...
ANY-THING ELSE?
ACE NOSTRIL HAIR TRIMMER
PARMESAN FLAVORED DOUCHE
FUCK YOU YA CRIPPLE
DROP DEAD
EAT YOUR HEART OUT
TUNGSTEN BLADES
YEAH WHAT'S THE BIGGEST SIZE BOTTLE OF A:200 YOU GOT?
WOULD YOU LIKE WHITE WINE OR RED?
WELL THAT DEPENDS ON WHETHER YOUR GOING TO FEED ME A BIG HUNK OF JUICY FRESH MEAT OR I'M GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH A--- LIMP FISH.
YOU WANT GRAPE OR ORANGE WID YER "SICILIAN"?
WELL IF WE'RE GONNA DROP THOSE 'LUDES I'D BETTER HAVE ORANGE...
THAT GRAPE SODA LOOKS NASTY WHEN IT COMES UP...
HOWZABOUT A FOOT LONG WEINER BE-TWEEN YOUR BUNS, LADY?


LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, THE BIG APPLE, METROPOLIS! SOMETIMES I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M PART OF IT ALL. SURROUNDED BY THE BIGGEST ADVERTISING AGENCIES, THE HOME OFFICES OF THE GREATEST INDUSTRIES IN THE WORLD, THE RICHEST MEN, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, THE MOST CREATIVE IDEAS, ...WHY IT'S THE HUB OF THE UNIVERSE!!
ST
YEP... DRYDOCK COUNTRY.
I GOTTA GREAT NIGHT PLANNED OUT, ANGEL CAKES-- SKEE-BALL, FASCINATION, WINDOW SHOPPING FOR SWITCH-BLADES, A SNACK AT NATHANS AND A BIG WIND-UP DOWN AT "BLOOD'S" CRIB OVER BY FORTY-DEUCE...
COLOR PHOTOS WHILE U WAIT
HOPE HE'S GOT SOME GOOD "BLOW".
OH HARRY, IT'S THE REAL PEOPLE!
SHIT, MUS' BE A STONE MOTHER FUCKER! EVERYBODY'S NODDED OUT!
HI GIRLS... HOW'S TRICKS?
FUGGIN' COMED-IANS...
WHERE TO?
IF THAT'S YOUR SPORTSCAR YOU CAN TAKE ME ANYWHERE YOU WANT.
WHAT SAY WE TOOL AROUND FOR A WHILE AND THEN STOP AT MY PLACE?
IF WE'RE GONNA "TOOL" AROUND, LET'S GO STRAIGHT TO YOUR PLACE.
WADDA YA SAY WE FALL BY MY PLACE SOZE I CAN TONGUE YOUR CREAMY LITTLE COOZE IN PRIVATE...
FUCKIN "A"
GLRGRLGLR...
Chuck
MY GOD, WHAT A BIG ONE!
MIGHTY MO
MY GOD, WHAT A BIG ONE!

Prosty Power

(Continued from page 70)

that vice cops in general are not her favorite people.

"They never were able to bust me when I was actually hooking," she told the caucus, "because a sharp hooker can smell a vice cop a mile away. First, they usually wear boxer shorts because they think jockey briefs are a little too cute. But you can tell better if you try to French kiss them it's like kissing a cock—kissing a cocksucker—by proxy. Vice cops are homophobic men who're deathly afraid of having even indirect contact with another man's cock. They're brutal to transsexuals and homosexuals."

A weird lesbian street girl known as Hester The Unknown Woman got up and began haranguing the crowd. She had previously achieved a kind of notoriety by leaping into the pulpit to deliver the homily at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, in which she begged the Pope to sell his jewels to set up a dormitory for homeless women. She was drowned out with organ music and forcibly ejected from the Cathedral.

"They threw me out and shut the door," she said. "O do not abort me—alive and full grown. You would have murdered me in the cathedral." She went on to ramble about how she is running for Congress, she loves Margo, she has never fucked a man, she never would fuck a man, she loves her sisters, and so on.

Margo interrupted the woman's rambling polemic to make way for other speakers. Undaunted, the Unknown Woman went outside, wrapped herself in a large American flag, and pressed herself against the plate glass window so all could see her during the rest of the caucus.

"At any other convention this woman would have been thrown out," Margo reflected later, "but I think you need a few crazies to keep things interesting. If the vice cops have a place here, so does Hester."

Before I arrived, CHERI's Honeysuckle Divine had been ejected from the convenings. Some of the feminists and lady politicians were outraged by her self-hype. "She's using the women's movement to get herself some cheap publicity," said one. "If she can't do that here and be accepted," Margo retorted, "where *can* she do it?"

Although Honeysuckle stayed away from the Ball, she supports Coyote, and was hurt that some of the women had rejected her and her snatch. (A few days later, in New York, feminists Irene Davall and Flo Kennedy paid a special visit to the Roxy Burlesque Theater on 42 Street, where Honeysuckle was appearing, to assure her that she was welcome in the Women's Movement.)

On Saturday night The Hooker's Bicentennial Ball was held at Bixby's Warehouse, an elegant bar-restaurant on Connecticut Avenue, near the Capitol.

Here, the women who appeared at the daytime sessions in jeans and Coyote T-shirts were transformed into glamorous creatures of the evening. Low-cut gowns, feather boas, and flashes of flesh made it a gathering worthy of the many photographers who spent their film, shot after shot.

At the climax of the evening Margo took to the mike to announce the nominations and winners of Coyote's Annual Awards. For Trick of the Year, the nominees included Frank Sinatra and Senator Wilbur Mills. However, Margo announced that she had paid for the conference by hustling actor Jack Nicolson for a large donation. By his own request, therefore, Nicolson won the Trick of the Year Award.

For Hooker of the Year, the nominees included Elizabeth Ray (with a Special Mention for courage), Jackie Onassis, and Barbara Walters. Jackie got top honors.

A special award of Closet Queen of the Year was given to Pope Paul VI.

For Pimp of the Year, the race was between Nevada brothel owner Joe Conforte and Hugh Hefner, Werner Erhard (founder of est), and the Rev. Sun Myung Moon. The Reverend Moon won hands down for pimping the thousands of youngsters who hustle streetcorner money for his Church.

The morning after the Ball, at 5:30 A.M., Margo led a small but hardy band in a sunrise march around the White House. Since most of the faithful were still sleeping off the Ball, the marchers were a mere dozen in number, augmented by a few Christian fundamentalists who had been trying to save Margo's soul, and another dozen photographers. The White House police had more faith in the march than anyone, as they greeted the mini-march with four squad cars and a paddy wagon.

Later, at a press conference, Margo emphasized that she is not seeking to have prostitution legalized. "That would put it under the control of the biggest pimp of all—the Federal Government," she said. "We are for decriminalization and we are against repression and fascism, like the S-1 bill before Congress now which would make pimping and prostitution Federal crimes. Our people have developed detailed proposals and model laws which would truly protect the women and their customers from injustice and rip-offs."

"Some of our feminist friends say that women shouldn't make a profit off their bodies, and they disapprove of hookers. Maybe those women haven't had hungry kids, as most hookers do. If every woman turned one trick and accepted the whore in herself, then she'd be able to see where hookers are coming from. It's too easy to hide behind an abstract morality.

"Remember when booze was prohibited?" Margo asks.. "You had no natural quality control so service got worse and prices got higher. As long as it is illegal, the hooker has to pay off everyone in sight. If we can decriminalize prostitution, the service will get better, the price of a trick will go down, and the working woman will get a bigger share of the proceeds of her labor."

She handed a reporter a Coyote button. It read: MY ASS IS MINE."

HONEYSUCKLE'S HEAVE-HO: THE STRAIGHT SKINNY

(Continued from page 92)

1905, the French prime minister died of a heart attack while getting his cock sucked.

Outside the hotel, a Protestant minister led a march proclaiming that Margo was, among other things, a Communist. Our Father Genska spoke to the minister.

Margo says that when they start protesting against her, she knows she's "arrived." A couple of protesters asked me if I believed in Christ. I took one of their pamphlets and said that I believed in Christ and so did Mary Magdalene. Christ never looked down on hookers.

Sometimes I wonder if life isn't just one continuous cat and mouse game. Some of the "intellectuals" at the Hookers' Convention seemed to object to my sexy presence, and I was told to stop passing out my "Exhibit A" pictures. It hurt my feelings, but after twelve years in burlesque, I am accustomed to that sort of thing.

Margo St. James, Flo Kennedy, and Irene Davalle wanted me to stay, but I had to get packed to go to New York for my appearance at the Roxy Theater, and had a cold settling in my ear, so I didn't go to the luncheon or the ball, or the march on the White House.

Richard Milner came down from New York and attended those functions and filled me in on what happened. He said a few hookers from out of town came in for the ball, and the same people who spoke at the congressional reception I attended. Only a dozen or so people showed up for the march, and several police cars and a paddy wagon. I guess the police expected an unruly mob of hookers storming the White House, but it turned out to be a peaceful affair.

It is difficult to organize hookers, but Margo St. James is doing a wonderful job of it. I urge everyone to join COYOTE and help the cause. You don't have to be a hooker to join. It is for both men and women, and it is only five dollars for a general membership. Their national office is: Judi Coyote, Box 26354, San Francisco, California 94120. The phone number is: 415-057-1610. •

UP AND CUMMING

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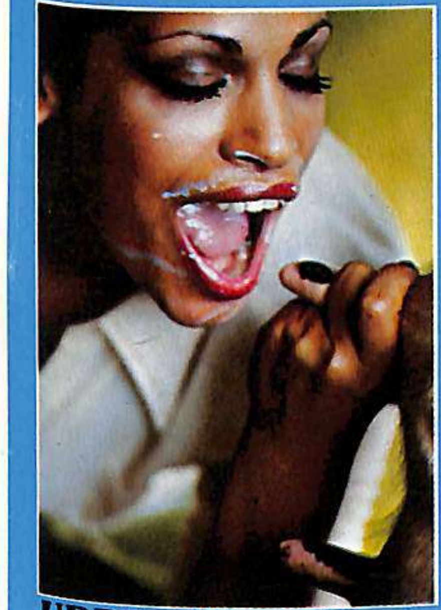

UDDERLY EROTIC

ROUGH TRADE TOOTSIE

OM: SENSUALITY AS SACRAMENT

A GOD'S-EYE VIEW OF SEX

CARTER for President
JIMMY
cheri

JODY HUMPS THE DONKEY